

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1886, incorporated revised 1894. Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday after Vespers. Officers: Rev. Director, Callaghan, P.P. President, Justice C. J. Doherty; F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

WOMEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., after Vespers. Management meets in the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McEvoy, President; W. P. O'Connell, Vice-President; J. O'Connell, Secretary, 716 St. Ann St., St. Henri.

T. A. & B. SOCIETY, 1883.—Rev. Director, McPhail; President, D. M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, Dominique street; M. J. O'Sullivan, 18 St. Augustin; Meets on the second Sunday month in St. Ann's Church, Ottawa, 3.30 p.m.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Organized 1885.—Meets in the Ottawa street, on the first of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. C.S.S.R.; President, J. O'Sullivan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Sullivan; Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, Diocese of Montreal. Organized Oct. 10th, 1885. Meetings are held in St. Ann's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the third Thursday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, Miss A. O'Sullivan; Vice-President, Mrs. J. O'Sullivan; recording-secretary, Mrs. J. O'Sullivan; Secretary, Miss Emma O'Sullivan; Treasurer, Charlotte Bermingham; Rev. Father McGrath.

VISION NO. 6 meets on the fourth Thursdays of each month at 816 St. Lawrence St. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; J. O'Sullivan, Vice-President; J. O'Sullivan, Sec.; James O'Sullivan, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Secretary, 1000 St. Denis St.

WOMEN OF CANADA, BRANCH of the True Witness. Organized, 13th November, 1885. Meets at St. Ann's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the first Monday of each month. Regular meetings for the purpose of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, M. Callaghan; Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Treasurer, J. O'Sullivan; Recording Secretary, J. O'Sullivan; Secretary, J. O'Sullivan; Rev. Father McGrath.

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The True Witness



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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.
"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work."
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.—Many times during the past few years have we written about the dangers, moral and otherwise, of the Sunday excursions and Sunday resorts of amusements. It required not the vision of a prophet to foresee the excesses that would eventually result from the liberty, or rather the license, that parents gave their young people. We could almost say the encouragement that the youth—male and female—received from those who should be the proper and watchful guardians over them. It was therefore, not as much with a feeling of surprise as with one of pain that we learned, both in Church and outside that our good Archbishop has felt obliged to raise an emphatic voice in warning, and in condemnation. The pastoral letter, on the subject of these abuses, which was read in some of the churches on last Sunday, and explained in others, is one that has been evidently wrenched from His Grace by the distressing circumstances to which he has made reference. We have no intention of reproducing the entire letter, as we know that its contents are only intended for those who are positively at fault, and for the localities specially designated. But, we are also aware that from various quarters of the city people flock on Sundays to these so-called gardens and there act in a manner that is contrary to the letter as well as to the spirit of God's law.

Such a letter could not have been written and published by His Grace except on the strongest provocation. His naturally kind, forgiving and tolerant dispositions causes him to shrink from hurting the feelings or shocking the sentiments of even the most humble; but, he also, has the grand courage of his Apostolic duty, and much as it may clash with his personal feelings, he never shrinks from that duty when the situation imposes it upon him.

We may here mention that the places specially designated are those in the East End of our city, and on its outskirts, where thousands congregate on Sunday, and far into the night carry on amusements that end usually in disaster.

Strong must be the provocation that would oblige His Grace to say that "This abuse is intolerable, and a scandal. There is no sin which the wrath of God punishes more severely. And often this sin receives its chastisement, even in this life. Do not, then, any longer provoke the justice of the Lord. Watch over the honor and reputation of your parishes. You are Christians, tolerate not in your midst, habits that breathe of paganism."

you will, the number of suicides within the past few months—even the past few weeks—is becoming alarming. Last Monday's despatches told of not less than seven that had taken place between the previous Saturday afternoon and Sunday night throughout Canada. Two of these cases are exceptionally instructive. One is the case of a very important financier, the other that of a prominent and versatile journalist. Both performed the deed in the same manner; neither gave any indication of a preconceived intention; both appeared quite rational up to the last moment before the fit came on. We are inclined always to take a charitable view of such cases; it is more humane and more Christian to accord the benefit of the doubt—if doubt there be—to the victim. We naturally presuppose temporary insanity. But, after having made all due allowance for this cloak of charity, we come back to the question of the cause. In the first place we cannot lay down as a rule that there is an absence of belief in a life to come—for we have many instances of very good, very pious, very religious people, suddenly ending their days. Nor can we well say that drink is the only cause. In the two cases which we have particularly in mind we find that drink had absolutely nothing to do with it.

In presence of these facts we must look for some other more general cause at this special period in the world's history. Just as our pen had traced these lines we were informed of a wealthy citizen of this country, who had recently married, then quarrelled with his wife over matters of money, and finally killed her and committed suicide. Money, greed for gain, mad rushing after fortune, dizzy hours of brain-whirling excitement in the vortex of finance; there is the source of this awful curse, this wild mania that seems to have taken possession of men. The miser of old, who hoarded his gold, counted it over, gloated upon it, buried it, kept guard over it, and died without benefiting by it, was in peace and happiness compared with the votary of wealth in our day. It is a constant rapid flight after large and sudden gains, and every nerve is strained, every energy bent, until the poor human machine, unaccustomed to such usage, and never built for it originally, gives out completely. The collapse is as sudden as is a financial crash. It is the height from which one falls that stuns. The giddy eminence and the terrific swing of the man whose whole being is bound up in this chase after wealth, this gambling with life, this risking on the chances of speculation, cannot but break the mind, as well as the body and the heart, when once the strength gives out and the fatal blow has fallen. So much energy has been squandered that there is no reserve power, and when a financial failure occurs there is no strength left to commence anew at the bottom of the ladder. The whole system is shattered, and the poor wretch flies to death as the sole refuge from a loss or a danger that he would have considered trivial before his energies had been exhausted.

To find a remedy at this hour is not easy. Possibly with the present generation—in which habits good or bad have been formed—it is useless to attempt. But there is a rising generation that demands our attention. The youth should be educated in those solid Catholic principles which teach that the money and power of this world must be secondary compared to the eternal life that must be secured and the eternal treasures that must be accumulated. This is the only check that can be put on this headlong rush to ruin.

DUTY OF PARENTS.—When people propose to establish the necessity, or the advisability, of separating religion from education, and of handing over children entirely to the care of the State we are always inclined to ask what claims the secular power can have on children, and what responsibilities the State can claim in regard to these young beings. God never constituted the State the guardian of youth. Nor did He implant in the heart of the State—for the good reason that the State has no heart nor soul—the love that He infused into the parent. A person recently commenting upon this barbaric method of having

parents delegate to others their rights and their duties said:—

"Some parents seem to think that the whole circle of their duty to their children embraces nothing but the supply of their physical needs, and that if they clothe them, feed them and house them they have performed their whole duty. They seem to be unaware of the fact that all the value and beauty of life have their seat and source in the soul, and that while the supply of the physical wants of children is necessary to the maintenance of their bodies, the nurture of true cultivation of their spiritual life and character is the highest duty and most sacred function of the parent."

It is the forgetfulness of this sacred side of their obligations that frequently causes parents to shoulder others with their own duties and cares, being under the mistaken idea that they thus shunt their responsibilities. But they will find it otherwise when the day comes that they are called to account for their sins of omission.

ANOTHER YARN.—A Catholic contemporary publishes the following:—

"This story comes from Quebec: A Protestant lumber merchant asked the local parish priest to offer up a High Mass in order that it might rain so as to float his logs down the river. The priest complied with the request, and the rain poured in such torrents as to carry away the booms that guard the timber, and thus a vast quantity of logs was lost. The Protestant thanked the priest for his kindness, but assured him that the next time he would ask for a Low Mass."

Our comment will be brief. The story is false. That is sufficiently plain we hope. In the next place, no Catholic organ should give circulation to this class of pretended humor. Firstly, there is no real humor in it; secondly, it is an indirect slur on Catholic prayers and the efficacy of the Mass; and thirdly, it speaks ill for the good sense of the Catholic who reproduces it.

WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS.



MRS. E. M. LOW.
We have much pleasure in publishing the portrait of one of the most sincere and most devoted subscribers of the "True Witness." Mrs. E. M. Low, of Western Canada. This kindly and patriotic lady has secured several new subscribers for the old organ. She has been a subscriber for many decades.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Michael Burke has gone to Old Orchard for a short vacation.

Mrs. G. A. Carpenter, Misses Kathleen, Susie and Cecilia Carpenter are at the Mansion House, Cacouna.

Mrs. Thomas Lynch is spending a few weeks at Cacouna.

The many friends of Mr. B. Connaughton, of Point St. Charles, will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly recovering from the effects of his recent serious illness.

Mrs. James T. Scanlan, whose recent illness was noted in this column, is now convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Byrne, of Park Avenue, have returned from a three-weeks' trip down by the sea.

DEATHS OF THE WEEK.

MRS. CATHERINE GRENNAN.—It is rarely that we are called upon to record the death of a nonagenarian, amongst our good Irish Catholic citizens, who, from time to time, pass to their rewards. This week we have to tell of one whose life-story is almost a history of Montreal and of most of the institutions in our city that constitute the pride of our people. In the person of the late lamented Catherine Whelan, widow of the late Mr. Edward Grennan, the Irish Catholic community has lost possibly its oldest, and certainly one of its most highly respected members. The deceased was mother of Mrs. George H. Pearson, and for over sixty years has been a resident of the Lower Lachine Road.

Of our Irish Catholic churches she had seen the foundation of many and had been a parishioner under more than one regime that has passed into history. She had sat in the old Recollet Church, and had assisted at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's, and at the dedication of that sacred edifice. St. Ann's Church she had seen dedicated and consecrated. She witnessed the building of St. Gabriel's Church, and within its walls were the solemn and last holy services performed over her remains by the pastor, Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., assisted by other members of the clergy, on Monday last. In the hours of reminiscences, the deceased lady would recall the sad scenes of the ship fever times and could tell stories of sufferings and of sacrifices that always awakened keen interest and deep sympathy in the minds and hearts of her hearers.

For long years her home had been the shrine of genuine Irish hospitality, and many a young Irish Catholic, who afterwards rose high in the Church or in the liberal professions, made that open and truly domestic centre the scene of many happy moments. Of the many who sat at her board may be mentioned the late Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, New Jersey, then known as the eloquent Father O'Farrell, of St. Ann's. Also might we recall the names of the late Father Hogan and James Callaghan, as well as those of the living Fathers Martin and Luke Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, Father Strubbe, late of St. Ann's, and others.

"The Irishwoman of Lachine," as she was lovingly and familiarly called by all who knew and so well appreciated her, had been, years ago, looked upon as a kind of second mother by many young seminarians of Montreal. Of them there are many who have gone to their reward; there are others who are scattered over Canada and the United States, fulfilling the duties of their sacred missions, and, we doubt not, recalling at times the kindly features and the generous heart of the old lady, out by Lachine, who had been so good to them in the days that are gone. And we are sure that any of them who may chance to read this little outline of such an exemplary life, will pray sincerely for the repose of that noble soul. Even when eighty winters had fallen on her, and she bent beneath the weight of years, she was ever found in attendance at the great missions in St. Ann's and St. Gabriel's parishes. And during those many decades that she was associated as a parishioner with St. Patrick's, when the roads were heavy and the transit difficult, when electric cars were undreamed of and the old horse car had not yet come into use, she would walk her miles, with a remarkable regularity and edifying fidelity to attend all the services of the Church.

It was a wonderful and inspiring story she could tell of the rise and progress of Montreal; vivid her recollections of the men and women of other days; and her own life was a model that had served to inspire hundreds and to thereby produce seeds of goodness, of virtue and of happiness in different and varied directions during the last half of the century that is gone. Now that her hour has come, and that she goes the long way that knows no returning, she will be missed, be lamented, and be blessed by all who ever knew her and above all, by those to whom she was endeared by ties that belong to the family. In offering our con-

dolence to her family and friends, we join them, as she has so often joined others, in a fervent prayer to God—and the burden of that prayer is that "her soul may have eternal peace and unending happiness."

MRS. JOHN O'NEILL.—It is with deep and very sympathetic feelings of regret that we record this week the death of a noble and truly Christian woman in the person of the late Mary E. Palmer, beloved wife, and life-long companion of our most esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. John O'Neill, former collector of canal tolls. Mrs. O'Neill, was a daughter of Mr. Wm. F. Palmer, formerly of the Commissariat Department. When death came she was exactly sixty-six years, six months and ten days old. All of our Montreal readers know Mr. O'Neill, and all who have ever met with him can testify to his grand Catholic disposition, his great charity, his lofty principles, his generous and patriotic heart. Such a man is one whose loss can scarcely be fathomed, and no expression of sympathy can exaggerate the feeling of the entire community towards him, in the hour of his sad bereavement. And when we record that the deceased lady had been, not only his cherished helpmate, but also his consolation in the hour of trouble, his partner in the hour of joy, his inspiration in all his charitable and pious undertakings, we have given a faint idea of her beautiful character and of her exemplary life. We know not how to tender to Mr. O'Neill this expression of our condolence. But he, in his great Christian spirit of resignation to God's will, has the consolation of knowing that beyond there is the reward of "the good and faithful servant" which certainly awaits the deceased lady whose loss so many lament.

The funeral took place on Wednesday morning to the Franciscan Church, on Dorchester street, where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Ambroise, O. F.M., assisted by two of the Franciscan Brothers, as deacon and sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were a large number of the Brothers of the monastery, and in the body of the Church were the lady members of the Third Order of St. Francis, of which the deceased was a prominent member. The chief mourners were: Mr. John O'Neill, husband; Mr. Wm. Palmer, father; F. Palmer, brother; Jos. Laurence Palmer, J. J. Palmer, and Wm. C. Palmer, sons-in-law; John O'Neill, Jas. Palmer, James Palmer, and Wm. H. Mussen, nephews; T. N. Doody, Ottawa; and D. Doody, relatives.

MR. JAS. GILLIGAN, an old and valued supporter of the "True Witness," passed to his reward this week after a long and painful illness. He was a native of the County Sligo, Ireland, and was for many years a resident of Montreal. He was formerly engaged in the milk trade, but was afterwards appointed toll-keeper at St. Henri, until last May, when he was changed to Maisonneuve. The deceased was a prominent member of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and the Third Order of St. Francis, the members of which attended in large numbers at the funeral, which was held on Wednesday.

At St. Clement's Church, Viauville, the levee du corps, was performed by Rev. Father J. V. Therien, Maisonneuve, as sub-deacon. The chief mourners were: Messrs. P. Gilligan, son; Michael Gilligan, brother; Thomas Carroll, Joseph Carroll, Henry Carroll, White River Junction, Vt.; John Carroll, Patrick Carroll, brothers-in-law; Phillip Hughes, Joseph Hughes, nephews; Thomas Gilligan, and David Bennett.—R.I.P.

SYMINGTON'S
COFFEE ESSENCE
more delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble to make. In small and large bottles from all grocers.
GUARANTEED PURE.

Our Curbstone Observer

On Weather Prophets

HIS is a very interesting subject. For sometime back there has been considerable talk about the removal of the Observatory (and Old Probs. with it) from Toronto to Ottawa. Then it was said that the institution was to remain for another year in the Queen City, with chances that it might be retained permanently. As far as I am concerned this does not affect me one way or the other. I am absolutely independent of observatories—I am such an old-style and long-in-use one myself—and am not much affected by how the weather is foretold or reported. But if the fabricator of the probabilities does not change either his locality or his system, or else if the weather does not cease its eccentricities, there is little reliance to be placed on the future prophetic utterances. Now, I set out to talk about weather prophets and I find myself launched into an essay upon observatories. It is time to get back to the subject proper.

MY OBSERVATIONS.—I am as I stand on the curbstone, somewhat like the man on the observatory. He uses an instrument, and that instrument indicates for him the changes that will probably take place in the weather, he then reads them and notes them down for the instruction, or the amusement of the public. So it is with myself. I stand on the curbstone, and my instrument is the great public, the vast barometer of humanity that fluctuates around me; instead of reading my instrument I simply listen to it and it tells me the whole story (and a very contradictory one it is at times); then I note it down and I subsequently publish it in this column for the benefit, or the amusement of those who feel inclined to read it. Last Thursday for example, I had been taking special observations, and if I report that day it will serve as a sample of all the other days.

A WEATHER WISE PUBLIC.—If the reader will recall that day it will be remembered that it was damp, cloudy, and quite close—and with all that chilly—in the morning. As I stood on the curbstone along came a merchant friend of mine. He carried an umbrella, and had a mackintosh on his arm, his trousers were turned up at the bottom, and he appeared to be ready for any kind of weather. The usual greeting—"Fine day;" "looks like rain;" "quite damp." After we had gotten rid of these few conventional and totally unmeaning remarks, he took a good survey of the sky and informed me that it would rain before ten o'clock, and keep it up for the balance of the day. I passed no special remark on that, for I knew that it was just quite possible that what he said would come true. He went his way rejoicing—especially rejoicing that he had delivered himself of his prophetic message. The next man who came along was a book-keeper in a large departmental store. I am not much acquainted with departmental stores, so I cannot say what they contain; some say they have everything "from a needle to an anchor," but I am not aware whether they keep weather observations or not, or whether their book-keepers are obliged to take a course in climatology or in any other "ology." But this gentleman surveyed the sky with the knowing glance of a connoisseur, or of an Indian, and he informed me, in most dogmatic terms that it was going to clear up at ten o'clock, and that we would have fine weather for a while after that. He, as well as his predecessor, gave me the infallible signs that indicate the kind of weather that he wanted. It simply remained for me to have patience until ten o'clock, and then I might know how the stakes would have been had I bet on either of these gentlemen's opinion. But this last one was dressed in white, and had no rain paraphernalia. So I concluded that he simply predicted the kind of weather that he wanted, while the other predicted that which would correspond with the outfit that he was carrying about with him.

MEANINGLESS REMARKS.—Of all the meaningless remarks, by way

of salutation, the most absurd to my mind is that "Fine day." No matter what kind of weather it may, you are pretty sure that seven or eight out of every ten you meet will inform you that it is a fine day. Quite possibly they may think so, but no person else does, and no person is going to take the trouble to contradict them. By exception, in the case of a terrible downpour of rain you may hear the remark that it is "wet weather"—a fact that is already so potent that the reminder becomes superfluous. The same of a fearful hurricane is blowing, some kind friend may let you know that it is windy. As a rule, you have no time to pay much attention to the remark for you have your time taken up with your hat, or whatever you may be carrying. The absurdity of these remarks do not actually strike us, because it becomes a habit to use them, and it no person ever has time or inclination to analyse them. The fact is that we drop in to a custom by degrees, and its universality makes it acceptable without comment.

UTILITY OF WEATHER TALK.—They say that all things in this world have their utility, and I suppose amongst them this habit of talking about the weather and of bringing it in, to fill up the gaps when there is nothing else to say. If it be a token of respect to bow to a person whom you meet on the street, it is equally a sign of appreciation of that person's acquaintanceship to pass some remark, to address some word by way of salutation; and possibly the state of the weather is about the most neutral subject that can be touched upon, while it is the one only subject that is certain to claim the attention of almost every person. If this be not the explanation, then I am at a loss to give one. Then, it must be remembered that in every land certain customs peculiar to the people are to be found. That which to us may seem absurd may appear as natural to those people as our habits seem to them to be ridiculous. So there is no use in attempting to explain such manners unless it be the general explanation that long custom has effaced the absurdity. In connection with this subject, since I have now drifted so far afield from the point of departure I may as well take another step in advance and illustrate the matter with a story that is told.

LOOKING FOR NEWS.—We all know how general is the question "Have you any news to-day?"—or "What's the news,"—and the corresponding reply "no news at present," or some such remark affecting "news." A French gentleman had spent a month in London sightseeing, and had made the acquaintance of a British member of Parliament, who was kind enough to accompany the Parisian from place to place, giving him information that interested him. A year later the English M. P. went over to Paris, and he was received with open arms by the distinguished Frenchman, whom he had treated so well. Desirous of letting his friends see how much he knew about London, the Frenchman made inquiries about every person and concerning every place that he had seen. Finally, he astonished the Englishman by asking—"Tell me, did they ever find that NEWS that they have been looking for so long?" This gives an idea of the customs of a people, and how they are often misunderstood by strangers.

CARD OF THANKS.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and St. Bridget's Home, wish to return their most sincere thanks to Mr. Bernard Tansey for the outing given the orphans and inmates of both institutions at the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds on Wednesday, Aug. 5th. Thanks are also due Mr. P. A. Milloy, who so kindly furnished refreshing beverages for the occasion. A very pleasant day was spent, and all are deeply grateful to their good friends.

(Signed)
SISTERS OF CHARITY.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

An Anti-Emigration Society has been organized in Ireland. It aims at putting a stop to the flow of emigration. The Irish papers say there are work and opportunities enough now at home for all the young folk and that, therefore, there is no need for them to go to America. The Catholic bishops and priests in Ireland are giving the movement their sympathy.

The Religion Of Governors.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

For some time the Methodists of Australia and New Zealand had been working themselves into a white heat over the alleged burning of Bibles, by Catholic missionaries, in the Fiji Islands. It is now some time, we think in middle of last winter, that we published the facts connected with this trouble and the result that these zealous Methodists would have done better had they awaited the facts before launching their baseless accusations. But this defeat and, at the same time, exposition of their bigotry has only served to add fuel to the fire. The latest news from that region tells us that, at a recent conference, they adopted resolutions remonstrating with the Imperial authorities for appointing a Catholic Governor to Fiji. Nor did they give Sir H. Jackson time to take possession of his new charge before launching the protests against him and his appointment.

But the illogical position taken by those people, who argued that the Fiji people are all Protestants, or rather Methodists, at least the vast majority of them, was clearly demonstrated by the secular press that they had hoped would support their cause. It was shown that if the British Government were to act upon any such principle it would be necessary to apply it all around, and to invariably appoint a Catholic Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Catholic Governor of Malta, a Buddhist or Mohammedan Governor-General of India, and to give Canada alternately a Catholic and a Protestant Governor-General. This is something that would be absolutely impracticable.

Much was made of the fact that Methodists were the first missionaries in the Fiji Islands. But they forget that the native population is rapidly vanishing. The first missionaries in India and in Canada were Catholic priests, but that is no reason why to-day the Viceroy of the former and the Governor-General of the latter should be Catholics—and Catholics are not foolish enough to advance any such claims.

Now to take the expressions of these Methodists one would imagine that they were the sole religious body in Fiji. But according to statistics furnished by a New Zealand organ we find these facts:—

"Sixty years ago the population was estimated by a Methodist missionary at 300,000. Fourteen years later the Methodists claimed that they had 300,000 converts in that colony. This looked well on paper. After a similar time had elapsed an estimate was again made, and the Methodists could only count 200,000 adherents, which number a few years later had dwindled to 130,000, against 7,000 Catholics. To-day the native Methodists are set down at 90,000, while the Catholic population has arisen to close on 12,000. The Catholic missions are advancing steadily in Fiji, whilst the Methodist missions, according to their own returns, has dwindled in forty years from 300,000 to 90,000. This decrease can only be accounted for in either two ways: The early missionaries grossly exaggerated their success, or if they did not the natives are dying off like flies in a blizzard. This decrease of native population after contact with British civilization is a phenomenon that is not confined to Fiji, and well worthy the attention of philanthropists and humanitarians. The red men of America and the Filipinos increased and multiplied under the much condemned Spanish rule, whilst here in the Australian colonies the aborigines are extinct in Tasmania, are dwindling fast on the continent of Australia, and are rapidly disappearing in the islands of the Pacific. In New Zealand the decay has been arrested, and a paternal government is doing its best to save the remnant of the Maori race."

This falling away of the native element in the Fiji group does not speak very well for the kind of civilization that accompanied the missionary efforts of these people. We learn that the Catholics nuns are doing grand work there. Apart from the propagation of religion, they are teaching the natives domestic economy, sanitation, and the care of the sick. Thus do they carry on a real work of civilization while at the

same time diffusing the knowledge of Christianity. These efforts on their part are assisting in arresting the national decay which has set in with such virulence.

And yet these people, full of prejudice and real bigotry, over in Australia and New Zealand have the hardihood to wage war upon such civilizing and Christianizing influences, and for no other reason than that they are Catholic and not of the same character as the Methodist methods that have produced such baneful results.

FALSE TEACHERS

From time to time a very new and very powerful thought is to be found in an ordinary sermon, and that which might pass unnoticed by thousands comes into the mind of one man, and he, having the fitting opportunity to give it expression, performs a real act of apostolic merit in communicating the same to the world. These reflections arise from the perusal of a sermon preached at the Church of St. Peter-in-Chains, Strand Green, London; two weeks ago, by Rev. Father White, C.R.L. The subject was "False Teachers," and the text "Beware of false prophets." After telling how Our Lord warned the faithful against those who would seek to lead them astray, he quoted from the day's Gospel: "Beware of false teachers that will come to you." The portion of the sermon to which we especially draw attention is that which deals with the distinctive mark of a false teacher. The preacher said:—

"Here was the first distinctive mark of false teachers—they came; they were not sent. They came by their own will; they were moved by their own ambition; they were carried along by their own light. It was not a question of being sent, and yet how all-important was that question to the divine mission. Now, the Son of God Himself, who came into this world to be the Teacher of Divine Truth, who was the very Word of Wisdom, who came into the world incarnate to be the Truth and Light of the World—our Lord first of all proved His mission. He proved beyond question that He came, that He was sent by God. Only when He proved that he was sent by God did He send others in the fulness of His power, having all power in Heaven and on earth—only then did he send others to propagate, to make known divine truth. He said, 'As the Father hath sent Me, so also I send you.' Just in the same way as He was sent by His Father to teach the world the way of salvation, so He sent His Apostles, and consequently the Apostles went forth strengthened in their mission; they were imbued with power from on high; they went forth not with the mere impetuosity of their own nature, but they went forth carried by the Spirit of God, full of confidence in the knowledge that the spirit of God was with them, for He promised that He would be with them to the consummation of time. The Apostles did not go of their own accord, but they were sent."

This clear definition led naturally to an explanation of the fact that only those who have been sent to teach, and who can claim Apostolic succession have a right to teach. The false prophet takes it on himself to teach, and is only guided by his own light. He then indicated that even when false teaching was associated with goodness of life, the practice of virtue, and a great charity, it was still false and must not be accepted. The next and equally important point in this sermon is that in which the preacher dealt with those who want to bring religion up to date. On this he asked:—

"Did they think the Son of God incapable of bringing into this world a religion not only strong in its divine truth, but also shaped and adapted to the needs of the human mind and heart, and that should ever satisfy the cravings of the human heart, and bring it comfort and consolation? In conclusion the rev. preacher urged on his hearers the necessity of being well informed on their religion, in order that they might not only be well instructed themselves, but able to inform others of what they believed and why they believed it."

But the essential point of the sermon is that in which we are given a mark whereby we can know the false from the true teacher. When a man is "called" by the people to come and preach to them, or when he comes without being called, he may be considered a false teacher. In the Catholic Church a parish "does not call" a priest, the Bishop sends him; he does not go of his own accord, he is sent by superior authority—as Christ sent the Apostles.

Notes From Australia.

THE CATHOLIC IRISH.—During the course of a recent lecture before West Perth Catholic Young Men's Society, Mr. Bourke, V.G., gave the following interesting statistics of Catholic progress in that country. He said:—

If you have followed what has been said about the humble and unpromising commencements of our race and religion in W.A., you will better appreciate what most of you know by personal experience, that is—How we stand to-day. When Bishop Brady in 1846 landed with the large party spoken of before there were but 806 Catholics in all the land. To-day His Lordship Dr. Gibney rules over a Catholic population of 40,000. There are 42 priests in the diocese and 30 religious brothers, not in either case including the community at New Norcia. A brave little army of 260 nuns and Sisters of Mercy are engaged, among their other good works, in the noble task of training 5,300 children in Catholic schools. If we look further afield, and take a general view of the situation we find in this year of grace 1903 that there are in all Australia, exclusive of New Zealand, 5 archbishops, 15 bishops, 835 priests, 505 religious brothers, 4,103 Sisters of Mercy and other nuns. The children going to Catholic schools number 103,189, and there is a Catholic population of 812,683 souls. The grain of mustard seed has indeed become a great tree. We may look upon its wide spreading branches as a monument to the patience and endurance, the toil in hard conditions and the perseverance for many years of those who have gone before us. Their merit may be set down in words of human estimation, but its full measure can only be known to Him to whom all things are an open book.

Yet a word in conclusion—notwithstanding all that has been done I beg you to remember that we are yet far indeed from the end of our labors. Quite otherwise; rather is it now that it is one's duty to set in earnest about buckling to for the work ahead. And yours it will be, young Catholic men and Irishmen in sympathy if not in fact, to keep aloft and carry forward the grand old banner—it is one, not two—of race and creed. In all action tending to that end will be found your trust and most lasting honor. Some of you will have read the story of the new and remarkable book, "Luke Delmago." It tells the story of a priest's life from youth to old age. Luke was one of Maynooth's most exquisite products. First of his first in all his studies. One of his friends, an ancient curate, had an inveterate habit of summing up all he had to say in some pregnant phrase or wise saw of great expressiveness. From his death bed he sent this message to the young priest:—"Now Luke, my boy, mind you keep your head high." It was the worst possible advice to poor Luke, the bane of whose life was the complaint, sometimes known amongst us by the inelegant name of swelled head. I would not in the least wish to say a word that might induce even a tendency in that direction. Only this, I would say that—if you regard the past achievements of your people and their doings for the Faith in this island continent of Australia there is nothing for which you need hang your heads in shame either as Catholics or as Irishmen. And if your look is towards the future and all that has to be done therein I would say:—"Brace up your nerves and face it as men and worthy successors of the pioneers who led the way. True, always and ever, to Faith and fatherland, prove yourselves on all occasions factors for good in the building up of the great commonwealth of Australia which by birth or choice is now your home."

A VETERAN PRIEST DEAD.—The death of the Ven. Archdeacon Slattery occurred on a recent Sunday at the age of 76, is announced from Geelong, Victoria. The venerable deceased served for over 40 years on the mission in Victoria, and was noted for his zeal in the cause of religion. He took a leading part in 1873 in the Catholic protest made against the secularization of the schools, and a figurative expression used by him, with regard to drawing "a free and flashing sword," was seized on as a literal incitement to armed rebellion—bigotry never hav-

ing availed itself of a more absurd of flimsy pretext.—R.I.P.

THE UNEMPLOYED.—A correspondent of the W. A. Record writes: "The unemployed question has once again been prominently brought before the 'powers that be.' A deputation representing the unemployed on the Eastern Goldfields, waited on the Premier last Tuesday week, and on Messrs. Gregory and Hopkins last week, to discuss the matter with them, and to try and find some means of employment for those unfortunately out of toil. The number of unemployed on the goldfields is said to be over 1,000 strong, and relief was sought for them by the deputation. The case of the unemployed was put clearly and strongly, and although it was met by Mr. James with much sympathy, he indulged in a great deal of plain speaking. It was stated by the deputation that the Government Labor Bureau was conducted in a very unsatisfactory manner, and alterations were suggested as to its future working, but to this and similar projects, as possible panaceas, Mr. James seemed to be opposed. The Premier, however, favored the proposals put forward regarding the working of abandoned or forfeited leases, the construction of public works, the erection of puddling machines, and the equipment of prospectors, as relief works; the other Ministers also promised that, as to these, everything that could be done would be done. It is a strange thing that, wherever the unemployed trouble exists there is a tendency to turn from the private employer and demand that the State should provide work, but the reason advanced for this is that the State is better able to meet the demand than the private employer. It is a regrettable fact that there is such a large number of unemployed in the State, and it is hoped that something will be done, and done at once, to alleviate their sufferings. The Ministers interviewed have all promised to do everything that can be done, and there's some solace in that; it is admitted every help must be given the unemployed, and, in my opinion, the chief help can come from the Cabinet pressing forward any public work that can be put in hand without delay."

Notes for Farmers.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—In writing on artesian wells in New South Wales, Orlando H. Baker, United States Consul at Sidney, says: "The first experiment made in boring artesian wells in New South Wales was in 1879 at Killara Station, in the western part of the State. Water was found at a depth of 140 feet, shooting up 26 feet. Thereafter, artesian wells multiplied, being bored both by the Government and by private persons. The water in the northwest was found in cretaceous rocks, but some of the best wells have pierced rocks of the Triassic age, as Coomamble, Moree, Gil Gil, and Eureka. The deepest is at Dolgely (4,086 feet). The heat of the water is 130 degrees F. These wells, for the most part, are situated near travelled roads in districts destitute of streams. Water is furnished to stock at the following rates: Horses, cattle, and camels, 2 cents per head; goats and hogs, 1 cent per head; sheep, 25 cents per 100 head. Water is sold for domestic uses at 12 cents per 100 gallons. The water of artesian wells is used also for wool scouring, giving fine results. The wells are leased to private parties, the highest bidder taking the property in charge under conditions fixed by law.

"At some of the wells the water is used for experimental farm irrigation. Lucern, corn, wheat, tobacco, sugar cane, date palm, bananas, and other tropical products have been grown on land thus irrigated. Unfortunately, thus far, water cannot be obtained at will nor in quantities necessary for irrigation, except in limited areas. Sheep and cattle during the past year have died by thousands from lack of water and grass. Of 60,000,000 sheep it is estimated that only 20,000,000 have survived. A great deal of talk is heard as to methods of conserving the waste waters of rainy seasons that now become destructive floods rushing to the ocean, and plans have been taken to form extensive reservoirs in various parts of the State subject to drought. The deepest well (4,086 feet) is at Dolgely and cost \$51,783; it yields 760,000 gallons daily. The lowest points at which water was found were at Tonggerina (164 feet) and Tatabulla (209 feet). The former yielded 120,000 gallons daily and cost \$3,714; the latter yielded 100,000 gallons daily for some time, but fell off to 7,500 gallons; it cost \$3,870. The Tonggerina shut down; cause not given."

Passing Notes And Gleanings

MR. KEATING'S MISTAKE.—"Irish World" says:—

Mr. John T. Keating, who went to Ireland ostensibly to the memory of Wolfe, whom a monument is being put up to, but whose real purpose was to see the United Irish League returned again to America, is not a startling thing in personality casts but a shadow. But in view of the game which he and his colleagues are playing his movement entirely devoid of interest.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—The "Boston Heart Review" writes:

"This has been conventional Aunt Bride's town, and so incidents she has witnessed her alternately with indignation and sorrow. Lamentably out of school, who ought to be at school, parading up and down the linked arms with half-dressed. In most instances know nothing about these even their names. From a idea of fun they have acquaintance with them. And who respond or make the less said about their idleness the pleasanter."

This correspondent's remark doubtless be read by large the clergy and laity. But ought them will enter into leg against such a sad state. In our city, cheap and dime shows, have rove of young lives, yet inert. Scores of boys and our parishes, are seen up streets, even during the school poorly clad, and yet we see indifference. There is need for reform indeed, not Aunt Bride's town, but in towns and cities on this coast.

THE MAGNANIMOUS.—Our local luminary, "The Daily Star," in an article Pope Pius X., says:—

"With the delicate politics of his office, even the highest of his own church hesitates; and there is certain demand for the expression of opinion unless and until political activity should three tent rights. Much misreading of the situation would ed if it were always remember the people of Italy and a proportion of the people of with whom the Papacy see to be in some measure in are sincere and even enthusiastic Catholics."

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.—become a fad with non-newspapers, in recent years timate the attendance at. Recently the "Daily News," Irish journal, made an estimate of the Catholic weekly of London comments upon some of the

Catholics have shown up, actively speaking, much better members of other churches inations in the summary "Daily News" census. Of population of London, just million are shown to be Catholics, of whom 93,572 are clerics that is practically one-tenth of the population, or we fear Catholic total is excellent. even were London Catholic than one-twentieth of the population of the Metropolis, the figures show that religiously shown best in our Church. occasional Catholics have shown the largest attendance notably at St. Peter's, St. Mary and St. Michael's, Con Road, when thousands were ed in the congregation. Cor the claim of the Established and the bounce of the Non-ists, their totals are meagre, mer having less than five thousand attendants at service Catholics, and the latter o times.

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EMPLOYED.—A correspondent of the W. A. Record writes: "Employed question has once on a prominently brought before 'powers that be.' A deputy representing the unemployed eastern Goldfields, waited on last Tuesday week, and Gregory and Hopkins last discuss the matter with and to try and find some employment for those unemployed of toil. The number employed on the goldfields is over 1,000 strong, and employed for them by the case of the unemployed put clearly and strongly, though it was met by Mr. Gregory with much sympathy, he is a great deal of plain. It was stated by the department of the Government Labor conducted in a very unbecoming manner, and alterations made as to its future work, and similar projects, panaceas, Mr. James was opposed. The Premier, favored the proposals put regarding the working of or forfeited leases, the of public works, the puddling machines, and of prospectors, as the other Ministers also, as to these, every could be done would be a strange thing that unemployed trouble a tendency to turn from employer and demand should provide work, son advanced for this is a better able to meet than the private em a regrettable fact that a large number of un- the State, and it is hoping will be done, and e, to alleviate their suffering Ministers interviewed misled to do everything done, and there's some at; it is admitted every given the unemployed, opinion, the chief help the Cabinet pressing public work that can be without delay.

Passing Notes And Gleanings.

MR. KEATING'S MISSION.—The "Irish World" says:—

Mr. John T. Keating, who recently went to Ireland ostensibly to honor the memory of Wolfe Tone, to whom a monument is being erected, but whose real purpose was to assemble the United Irish League, has returned again to America. The coming or going of this gentleman is not a startling thing in itself. His personality casts but a small shadow. But in view of the mischievous game which he and his confederates are playing his movements are not entirely devoid of interest.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—A correspondent of the "Boston Sacred Heart Review" writes:

"This has been convention week in Aunt Bride's town, and some of the incidents she has witnessed have filled her alternately with shame, indignation and sorrow. Little girls hardly out of short dresses, children who ought to be at school, have been parading up and down the streets linked arms with half-drunk delegates. In most instances the girls know nothing about these men, not even their names. From a mistaken idea of fun they have scraped acquaintance with them. And the men who respond or make the advances—the less said about their idea of amusement the pleasanter."

This correspondent's remarks will doubtless be read by large number of the clergy and laity. But who amongst them will enter into the struggle against such a sad state of affairs. In our city, cheap theatres and dime shows, have wrought sad havoc of young lives, yet we are inert. Scores of boys and girls in our parishes, are seen upon our streets, even during the school days, poorly clad, and yet we pass by with cold indifference. There is pressing need for reform indeed, not alone in Aunt Bride's town, but in many other towns and cities on this continent.

THE MAGNANIMOUS "STAR"—Our local luminary, "The Montreal Daily Star," in an article entitled Pope Pius X., says:—

"With the delicate political side of his office, even the highest dignitaries of his own church hesitate to interfere; and there is certainly no demand for the expression of Protestant opinion unless and until his political activity should threaten Protestant rights. Much misunderstanding of the situation would be avoided if it were always remembered that the people of Italy and a very large proportion of the people of France, with whom the Papacy seems now to be in some measure in conflict, are sincere and even enthusiastic Roman Catholics."

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.—It has become a fad with non-Catholic newspapers, in recent years, to estimate the attendance at churches. Recently the "Daily News," an English journal, made an estimate, and the Catholic weekly of London, thus comments upon some of the results:—

Catholics have shown up, comparatively speaking, much better than members of other churches or denominations in the summary of the "Daily News" census. Of the whole population of London, just over a million are shown to be church-goers, of whom 93,572 are Catholics, that is practically one-tenth. Considering we can boast not more than one-twentieth, or we fear so, the Catholic total is excellent. Anyhow, even were London Catholics more than one-twentieth of the population of the Metropolis, the figures certainly show that religious vigor is shown best in our Church. On several occasions Catholic churches have shown the largest attendances, notably at St. Peter's, Woolwich, St. Peter's Italian Church, and St. Mary and St. Michael's, Commercial Road, when thousands were numbered in the congregation. Considering the claim of the Established Church and the bounce of the Nonconformists, their totals are meagre, the former having less than five times as many attendants at service as the Catholics, and the latter only four times.

FIRST PILGRIMS.—An American contemporary says:—American pil-

grims were the first to be received in audience by the new Pope Pius X. This party left the United States to receive the blessing of Leo XIII., but they arrived to find the Holy Father dying. Through the kindly offices of Cardinal Gibbons they were given an audience by the new Pope. He gave them the Apostolic Benediction and begged that they remember him in their kind prayers.

AN EARTHQUAKE, reported by Stanford University as lasting forty-five seconds, occurred in California, Aug. 3.

MOB LAW.—Free America seems powerless to put a stop to mob-law. The system of lynching has become a veritable menace to the country. Isolated cases, here and there, have been allowed to go unpunished. Now the negro is flying to the North, and there meeting the same terrible and lawless menace, he is crossing the border and seeking refuge in Canada from the fearful fate that awaits him in the "land of liberty." But of all the audacious outrages yet perpetrated that at Huntington, Virginia, on Saturday last, reaches the climax. Under the circumstances it is fair to presume that either the United States authorities are powerless to enforce their own laws, or else their laws must constitute an abominable inadequate system.

On a recent Saturday two hundred men stopped an express train on the Chesapeake and Ohio railway, near Clifton Forge. They fired on the train, and the passengers had to lie flat in the cars to escape death. By good luck the engine driver was able to seize upon a lack of vigilance on the part of his assailants to put on steam. And yet so determined were these men, that while the train was in motion they still clung to the sides of it and risked their own lives in the hope of securing the two negro prisoners on board. Worse still, they risked the killing of scores of unoffending men, women and children who were only saved from the bullets of the attacking party by keeping down flat in the cars. The fact that no lives were lost was simply due to the nerve and courage of the engine driver, and no thanks to those who fired hundreds of shots into the cars.

Some days before there was an excursion on this line and some persons fired at and wounded a brakeman by the name of Edward Hite. Two negroes were arrested for the deed, but, as yet, there is no positive proof that they were guilty. Still, on the mere supposition that they might be guilty, two hundred men take the law in their own hands and risk killing hundreds of innocent people. Suppose that the two colored men were the guilty parties, even then their crime would be venial compared to that of these men who fired into that train-load of passengers.

We have no patience with this method of dealing out the law; or rather this system of violating all laws, human and divine. Any one of these men would, probably, in his private circle be considered honorable, law-abiding, and brave. He can be neither one nor the other. He cannot be honorable when he shelters himself behind a mask to perpetuate murder on innocent people for the sole purpose of gratifying a passion of vengeance; he cannot be law-abiding since he usurps the authority legally constituted and elects himself to be law, judge, jury and executioner; he cannot be brave, for he has the cowardliness combined with the cruelty of the wolf that hunts its prey at night and in packs, but skulks away in daylight or keeps out of reach when alone. The entire proceedings is a disgrace to the Republic and a source of eternal shame for those who take part therein. And all this is aside from the more important considerations of moral teaching and Christian precept which are so abominably outraged.

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OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Toronto, Aug. 10.

OUR HOLY FATHER.—On Sunday last the double duty of praying for the late Holy Father and singing a "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for the coronation of the new Pope was performed in all the churches of the city. The Archbishop presided at the Cathedral. References were made with regard to the kindly attitude of the Press during the illness and death of Pope Leo and the late election, and while as one pastor remarked, the newspapers seemed to have selected their own Pope, each according to its liking, and to have known more about the manner in which things were being conducted in the Vatican than the Cardinals taking part in the conclave, yet on the whole the feeling of the Press during those times was satisfying and commendable. Pius X. was spoken of from the pulpit as the one pointed out by the finger of Divine Providence as a worth successor to Leo XIII.

RETREAT OF NUNS.—The Sisters of St. Joseph are having a week of rest and recreation between the two retreats which take place annually. Last week members of the community to the number of one hundred and twenty-five, were engaged in this annual exercise; next week one hundred and twenty-seven others will assist at the second retreat. The community is fortunate in being favored with the services of Rev. Father Lowiecamp, C.S.S.R., Baltimore, whose piety and zeal so impressed the citizens of Toronto when he was stationed at St. Patrick's some three years ago. The Rev. Father has lost nothing of either virtue since his absence from the city, and the Sisters are delighted at the results of the last retreat.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.—The combined commandaries and auxiliaries of the Knights of St. John intend outing at Mountain View Park, Hamilton, on Saturday, Aug. 15. The steamers Macassa and Modjeska are engaged for the transit of passengers, and an orchestra will be on hand to make things merry. Prizes to the amount of one hundred dollars contributed by the well-wishers of the Society, are to be competed for during the day. Everything promises a time of profit and pleasure.

"VANITY OF VANITIES."—Among the many and varied lessons taught by the beautiful life of Leo XIII., nothing speaks more eloquently—if we may use what appears to be a paradox—than does his death.

In life he was a recognized leader of public thought; his every word was waited for not by a kingdom, not by a nation, but by a world; his personality was invested by a charm such that once experienced it was never forgotten; poet, scholar and statesman he was probably the greatest diplomat of his day; he was at the head of the two hundred and eighty-three Catholic millions made up from the peoples of all nations; he was admired more generally perhaps than any Pontiff since the introduction of the Modern Heresy; at his death he was mourned by the world at large and the Church was indeed disconsolate, and yet, even before the days of a month are numbered the countenance of things has changed—already the time when Leo was, seems dim and distant; we hail the new Pope—long, indeed may he reign—with huzzas and clapping of hands; the old song thrills on the air, "the King is dead; long live the King;" Leo XIII. is now no more; Pius X. reigns in his stead. Truly empty and light are all things human, and fickle are their fastenings!

Despite all this Leo XIII., Leo the gentle and grand, lives in the hearts of millions of mourning children, for the foundations of Memory's Mansion which he made here for himself were surely not of sand; it shall endure forever and his name shall go down into the ages, bright as his own light in the heavens; he shall be remembered gratefully and lovingly by the generations of the future as the protector of the oppressed, the People's Pope.

At this time too is another lesson emphasized, a lesson old as Christianity itself, yet one that we are always glad to see repeated—

that of the perpetuity of the Church. Pius X., the new head of the Church, who, in the cosmopolitan views, he has already manifested shows himself truly the Ignis ardens, the fire of whose affection stretches forth and without ceremonious distinction embraces all, is greeted to-day by millions of his children in all lands and climes, but with the joy of this greeting is a feeling still stronger, the feeling of comfort and pride in the triumphant perpetuity of the Church. The Pope may and does die, the Church lives and shall live until the feet of time shall lose themselves in the great gulf of eternity.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.—That Toronto is putting forth, her best endeavor to make the coming exhibition worthy of the name it represents is now an established fact. The Dominion Exhibition is to be distinguished in many ways from that which was merely provincial. A walk through the grounds soon to be covered by the feet of many thousands, show them to be at present practically deserted, save by the presence of many workmen busily engaged in the task of erecting new buildings and touching up old ones. An imposing and handsome structure, that to be devoted to Quebec, Manitoba and Ontario, is very near completion; old buildings are looking bright and fresh under a new coat of paint; increased accommodation is everywhere the order of the day, the artistic too is more and more in evidence, new sodding is here and there apparent, asphalt sidewalks have been laid at the entrance and beautiful beds of flower and foliage, are everywhere ready to greet the visitor. The old "Midway," to which name is associated things not always classic, has disappeared, and Amusement Avenue reigns in its stead. Kindly is to give his "Carnival in Venice" with all the elaboration of detail for which the company is famous.

A new feature to which a good deal of prominence is being given, is that of the "Cat Exhibit," encouragement to which is being offered not only by those locally interested, but our neighbors across the line are even taking a hand in, and Washington offers several prizes for long and short haired cats. The Motherland too is showing an interest more than ordinary as evidenced by the loan of the Jubilee and Dufferin presents said to be now on the ocean en route to Toronto. It is expected that from the 29th of this month until the 12th of September that Montreal and the neighboring towns and villages will be practically deserted, and that the people of the commercial Capital and its environment will be entertained by the guests of Toronto at the Dominion Exhibition.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION.—A good deal of dissatisfaction is felt and in many instances expressed by Catholic rate-payers of the city, owing to a change lately determined on by the members of the School Board. It was decided some months ago that schools situated in the more remote parts of the city should in future have no 4th book form, and that children ready for this part of an educational career should attend the school nearest in which the class mentioned should be maintained. This, of course, implies that the school so deprived falls into a second rate place, not being in a position to offer anything higher than a Third Book; it also follows that the children in such locality are placed not only under the disability from the point of standard, but have likewise to submit to the additional disadvantage of having to cease altogether what is popularly called "being educated" at the point of entering the Fourth Class, or to continue a search for further scholarship at a much higher cost of time, and means than is incumbent upon those attending other schools. The cost of street cars will be added, more time spent in going to and coming from school, and probably much hardship endured by those whom necessity may expose to all the inclemency of a severe winter. The parents of children in such localities are naturally incensed, and our local Catholic paper has during the past few weeks contained complaints many and bitter.

The School Board doubtless meant well, it was probably to raise the standard, and make more efficient the central schools, and at the same time minimize the number of teachers; all this on the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number. In the present instance, however, this has proved unworkable in the interests of either justice or harmony; Catholic tax-payers are harassed alike, and to add to the elevation and comfort of others at the cost of deprivation and discomfort of their own is something more than parents are ready to comply with. One parish in particular—St. Peter's—feels the change very acutely as at

the last "Entrance" examination it showed itself in proportion to its numbers superior to the schools whose betterment will be secured by the change; a committee from the school parish waited on the Board for the purpose of expressing their views, but were unable to do so as there was "no quorum;" the end is still in the future.

AN IRISH ANNIVERSARY.—The passing of Aug. 6th, ever remembered day that gave birth to the Liberator of Erin, and the royal visit to Ireland, occurring about the same time, takes us back in thought to the means, by which in the mind of Ireland's greatest benefactor the betterment of the country he so loved, and to which he devoted the talents of his colossal brain, were to be brought about. His cry was ever for Constitutional means; this he preached always and everywhere, and because he did so, some not seeing deeply as he did, branded him as traitor to the cause. Now, however, is his theory vindicated; constitutional means have been employed in bringing into existence the present ever brightening prospect for Ireland; the past few weeks have seen realized what up to that time many deemed impossible. Never since the Kings of Erin trod their native heath has a sovereign walked the streets and thoroughfares of Ireland unattended by official protection; policemen and all things bordering on militarism were banished; the King stood amongst the Irish people protected by naught, save the admiration engendered in their hearts by the genuine intention he had displayed of bettering their condition; trusting them he was not disappointed; the visit of King Edward and the loved and lovely Princess who is his Queen, marks a new era in Ireland's history. The King has seen for himself, for himself he has promised and in himself he will act; where Ireland is concerned all things tend to point out that Edward VII. will not permit himself to be trampled, and knowing that independence is necessary to the vitality of a people, Home Rule is a gift the early years of Edward's reign have undoubtedly in store for Ireland. When this is brought about the work of O'Connell shall be accomplished, and his name be linked in loving memory with that of Edward the peacemaker.

THE QUESTION OF PEWS

(From Church Progress.)

Not infrequently does one hear complaints against pastors because of certain regulations which they have been compelled to adopt with regard to the pews in their churches. It is made to appear that charges are levied for the privilege and duty of hearing Mass, that pastors seek to make a show of poverty by setting aside seats for those who cannot pay for them and similar unwarranted criticisms, but all are without foundation.

It is true that all Catholics have a common interest in their parish churches, providing, however, they contribute to their support. It is also true that they have the right to worship therein, although they do not comply with this imperative duty. This by no means, however, implies that their use and privilege are without limitations. The rights of others are likewise involved, and in order that all may be properly respected certain regulations must be complied with.

Their right and duty to attend service does not extend to the occupation of places for which others pay. When an individual rents and pays for a pew or a portion thereof, that becomes his exclusive property, and he is entitled to its enjoyment whenever he wishes. It is the intruder's business to vacate if such becomes necessary, and this he must do or suffer the penalty of uncivil conduct or if needs be, ejection. More than that, it is the duty of the pastor to protect the pew-holder in the enjoyment of his rights.

The difficulty, however, could be removed if every family and every single person was to own a pew or a portion of one. There would then be no necessity for the enforcement of rigid regulations. Neither would there be complaints. But there are many other potent reasons why every member of a parish should be a pew-owner. To the younger members of the family it gives a fixed place in the house of God. It impresses upon them an independence and encourages them in the habit of regularity. It keeps them from getting close to the door and often from getting entirely outside the church. But above all, it will teach them their duty to their fellow-worshippers.

A Libel Refuted.

(The N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

A writer in the New York "Sun" of a recent date stated that more criminals came from the Catholic than from the public schools. His statement, he said, was made on the authority of a Catholic friend of his. The best way to convince him and his friend of error is to refer to the prison records.

The following are the reports of the State prisons of New York for 1890:—

SING-SING PRISONS.—Total number of criminals, 1,554. Of this number 1,403 attended the public schools, 17 attended other schools, illiterate criminals, 133.

AUBURN PRISON.—Total number of criminals, 1,151; attended public schools, 545; attended other schools, 480; illiterate, 126.

CLINTON PRISON.—Number of criminals, 804; attended public schools, 637; other schools, 74; illiterate, 93.

SAN QUENTIN, CALIFORNIA.—Prisoners received 1830; 1,392; attended public schools, 945; went to other schools, 80; illiterate, 240.

PHILADELPHIA STATE PRISON.—Criminals received 1890, 527; went to public schools, 382; to private schools, 80; went only to Catholic schools, 13; illiterate, 65.

The same prison in 1891 received 446 criminals. Of these 339 went to the public schools, 12 went only to Catholic schools, 30 to other private schools, illiterate, 43.

In 1892 the same prison received 474 criminals. Of these 361 went to public schools, 14 went only to Catholic schools, 19 went to Catholic and other schools, and 24 to other private schools. Illiterate, 56.

Convicts 21 years of age and under 87: Went to public schools, 62; went to other schools, 18; went to Catholic schools, 7.

These figures speak for themselves. Perhaps the most striking feature is the small number of illiterate criminals. It goes to prove the truth of the statement of a French writer, Mr. Allard, in the "Journal de l'Instruction Publique." This writer says:—

"The idea that the multiplication of crime proceeded from ignorance of population obtained such uncontradicted credit that we have long combated against facts before renouncing it. We have sought by all sorts of combinations to escape from the conclusion which results from a simple comparison of the statistical tables of crime in the departments, but in vain. We have been forced to recognize the truth that crime is in no way determined by defect of instruction."

The same figures corroborate the conclusion arrived at by Alison in his "History of Europe." He wrote:

"Experience has now abundantly verified the melancholy truth so often enforced in Scripture, so constantly forgotten by mankind, that intellectual cultivation has no effect in arresting the sources of evil in the human heart; that it alters the direction of crime, but does not alter its amount. This melancholy truth is supported by a widespread and unvarying mass of proofs. The utmost efforts have, for a quarter of a century, been made in various countries to extend the blessings of education to the laboring classes, but not only has no diminution in consequence been perceptible in the amount of crime, and the turbulence of mankind, but the effect has been just the reverse, they have both signally and alarmingly increased."

Confronted by the "mass of proofs" he refers to, Alison says further: "These facts, to all persons capable of yielding assent to evidence in opposition to prejudice, completely settles the question; but the conclusion to which they lead are so adverse to general opinion, that probably more than one generation must descend to their graves before they are generally admitted." (History of Europe, vol. 1, chapter 1.)

CHAIR OF JOURNALISM.

The University of Zurich is about to establish a chair of journalism.

For Farmers.

WELLS.—In writing wells in New South do H. Baker, United at Sidney, says: "The made in boring art- New South Wales was fillara Station, in the of the State. Water was depth of 140 feet, shoot- Thereafter, artesian and, being bored both by and by private per- in the northwest cretaceous rocks, but set wells have pierced Triassic age, as Con- Gil Gil, and Eureka, at Dolgely (4,086 of the water is 130 these wells, for the situated near travel- districts destitute of is furnished to following rates: Horses, nels, 2 cents per head; ers, 3 cent per head; per 100 head. Water domestic uses at 12 cents . The water of arte- used also for wool g fine results. The to private parties, under taking the pro- under conditions fit-

the wells the water is imental farm irriga- orn, wheat, tobacco, e palm, bananas, and products have been us irrigated. Unfor- far, water cannot be ill nor in quantities rigation, except in Sheep and cattle dur- have died by thou- of water and grass. eep it is estimated, 0,000 have survived. talk is heard as to nserving the waste easons that now ve floods rushing to plans have been tak- nservative reservoirs in the State subject to eapest well (4,086 illy and cost \$51- 0,000 gallons daily. ats at which water at Tonngerina (164. illa (209 feet). The 30,000 gallons daily the latter yielded daily for some time, 500 gallons; it cost angerina shut down;

Archbishop Bruchesi On Election Of Pope Pius X.

PASTORAL LETTER.

PAUL BRUCHESE, By the Grace of God and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Montreal.

To the clergy, secular and regular, to the religious communities, and to all the faithful of our diocese, health, peace, and benediction in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our Very Dear Brethren.

"I announce news that must fill you with joy, we have, for Pope, the most eminent and Reverend Cardinal Joseph Sartó, who has taken the name of Pius X."

This morning, in the Eternal City these words delivered from the central balcony of St. Peter's by the dean of the cardinal deacons to the anxious crowd on the immense square of the Vatican Basilica, were received with joyous and prolonged acclamations.

It seems to us that we could not do better than in turn to employ these words in announcing to you the happy choice of a successor to Leo XIII., for in its eloquent simplicity this solemn formula embraces everything.

The Church's period of mourning has ceased. No doubt, she will never forget the illustrious Pontiff who has just passed from earth; her doctor, her guide and her pastor, for more than twenty-five years, and what an enlightened and indefatigable doctor, what a vigilant and sure guide, and what a loving and devoted pastor.

But, if the Popes die, the Papacy is immortal.

When the members of the Sacred College had rendered the last duties to Leo XIII., they were at once united in conclave, in order to choose a successor. In the solitude and isolation of that new cenaculum, nothing human penetrated.

The inspiring action of the Holy Spirit came once more to reveal itself in a most astounding manner. Profane conjectures were made in vain, and the Spirit of God alone inspired and directed the choice. The Divine Will was more and more in evidence from the first to the seventh and last ballot, and it is in truth the elect of the Lord who occupies St. Peter's throne.

Day after day we said together, as did the faithful of the early Church, when a new apostle had to be chosen, "Lord, thou who knowest our hearts, show us the one whom Thou hast chosen to fulfil this ministry and this apostolate."

Our prayer, which is that of all the Church, has been heard without trouble, and in calmness and in peace.

It is now for us to rejoice, and may our joy be profound and complete, like that at Rome, which acclaimed with enthusiasm the new Vicar of Jesus Christ. That it may be pious and grateful like the joy of that deeply moved multitude, which bent beneath the uplifted hand of Pius X. when he appeared for the first time on the balcony of St. Peter's in all the splendor of Pontifical majesty.

Christ representative on earth, blessed us all at that minute. He opened the treasury of divine mercies upon the entire universe because his spiritual kingdom has no other limits than those of the terrestrial globe.

We, in turn, should pray with all possible fervor that the Supreme Pastor of the Church should receive from Heaven that assistance which makes great and holy Pontiffs. Let us remember that it is a sacred obligation for all Christians to fulfill liberally this duty. The Pontificate is indeed, a very heavy charge. The precarious situation of the Holy See, the combats waged against the Church, render perhaps the exercise of this august ministry more difficult and more redoubtable than ever before. Consequently the duty of constant and ardent prayer becomes more and more imperative.

The hearty welcome which all Christian nations have extended to the new Pope is an augury of great good from his reign. Not less than his illustrious predecessor, Pius X. will occupy the first rank amongst

the majesties of the earth. This prognostication comes not only from the superhuman dignity with which he is clothed, and of the empire which he will exercise over two hundred million souls, but also from the ascendancy which up to the present his science, his virtues, and his works have won for him.

The most eminent and Reverend Cardinal, Joseph Sartó was born June 2nd, 1835, preconized Bishop November 10, 1884, promoted to the Episcopal See of Mantua, to the dignity of Cardinal in 1893, was named Patriarch of Venice the same year, and was known as one of the most eminent members of the Sacred College.

In the two dioceses which he governed, his kindness towards all, and his inexhaustible charity had become proverbial. The zeal of the Bishop, and of the Patriarch for the maintenance of discipline, and his ardor for the development of ecclesiastical studies evoked admiration even in Rome. His reputation as a sacred orator had extended beyond the seas. In the midst of Catholic congresses he was distinguished by a great doctrinal exactness, coupled with a profound appreciation of the requirements of his times.

A man of conciliation in his proceedings, and firmness in principle, he was able on several occasions to quietly solve difficulties which appeared insurmountable. The natural effect of his easy and modest affability gained for him the sincere homage of all hearts.

Now that the illustrious Cardinal will be seconded by the special assistance of the Holy Spirit, the full development of all these precious gifts will be all the more easily attained. He will conserve resplendent over all the surface of the globe, that moral royalty which was bequeathed him by his venerable predecessor, Leo XIII. By the name he selects he attaches himself to that admirable line of good and holy Pontiffs, which, beginning with Pius I., has given us, amongst others, Pius V., Pius VII., and Pius IX., of glorious and loving memory.

Our grateful souls will be naturally inclined to hearken unto the words of Pius X., whom they will be pleased to obey, and to follow as Jesus Christ, Himself, always present in His earthly Vicar.

For these reasons we order that which follows:—

1. Sunday next in all the churches and public chapels of the diocese, there will be sung, after Mass, the "Te Deum," with the prayers of the action of grace and for the Pope.

2. Hereafter, at Masses when the rubric allows it, the priests will say the prayer Pro Papa. Hearken, our very dear brethren to this beautiful prayer, so perfect an expression of those sentiments with which our hearts should be animated towards the Supreme Head of the Church, and be faithful to recite it with us.

O God, pastor and guide of all the faithful, look with a favorable eye upon Thy servant Pius, whom Thou hast placed as pastor at the head of Thy Church; grant him, we beseech Thee, to be useful by his words, an example to all those whom he governs, in order that he may one day obtain eternal life with the flock committed to his care.

The present pastoral letter will be read in all the churches, where public service is celebrated, and at the chapter of all religious communities the first Sunday after its reception.

Given at Montreal under our sign and seal, and the counter-sign of our Chancellor, August 4th, 1903.

PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.

By Mandement of Monsignor Emile Roy, Chancellor.

Catholic News of the Day

The daily newspapers of the past two or three weeks have demonstrated the necessity of the Catholic journal. While fair and well meaning, they have published the most absurd rumors about the great events transpiring in Rome. The Catholic newspaper gives no space to such rubbish as we are compelled to take with our daily paper.

One despatch in the daily press had it that certain Cardinals, or their Conclavists, were detected in the act of sending signals from the Vatican windows to outsiders. Another that our own Cardinal Gibbons was engaged in an intrigue to consolidate the foreign Cardinals against certain alleged candidates—and so on, ad nauseam. The foregoing is taken from the "New Century," Washington.

The remedy is in the hands of our prelates, priests and laity.

Irish Leader's Speech On Expulsion Of Benedictines.

From our English Catholic exchanges, received this week, we take the following report of the masterly and spirited presentation of the case in the British House of Commons of the English Benedictines of Douai, in France, whose property was confiscated and whose members were expelled from that country.

The debate took place on the 23rd of July. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party said:—

I wish to call the attention of the Committee and the noble lord to what I consider very little less than a public scandal, for which the Foreign Office is directly responsible. It has always been the boast of the Government and this country that it had an arm long enough and strong enough to protect the liberty and property of British subjects throughout the world, and the question I desire to bring under the notice of the noble lord is an instance where the Government of England had lamentably failed in the duty of protecting the property of British subjects resident in another nation. I allude to the recent confiscation of the property of a number of British subjects belonging to a religious order in Douai. Now I am quite aware of the fact that it is not competent for me on this occasion to discuss the policy which the French Government has been pursuing with reference to these orders in France. Whatever our individual ideas upon that subject may be, and however strongly some of us may believe that that policy is a disgrace to Christendom, at the same time it would not be in order for me to enter upon a discussion of that kind at this moment. The point I desire to raise is a very narrow and a very simple one, and does not call in question the general policy of the French Government with reference to the expulsion of these orders from France.

The history of the Benedictine establishment at Douai is a most interesting one. The foundation dates back to the seventeenth century. It was established entirely by English money and by Englishmen, and it has devoted itself entirely to the education of English youths, and, as I understand, it has not been possible for this institution either to have French priests amongst them or to educate a French boy. The property of the institution was always recognised by the French Government as English property. It is very interesting to remember that in the time of the great Revolution, when the National Assembly in Paris ordered the suppression of all similar religious institutions throughout the country, a special exception was made in the case of Douai on the distinct ground that it was British property. But shortly afterwards, when war broke out between France and this country, the property was seized by the French Government because it was British property. The National Convention decreed the arrest of British subjects and the confiscation of their property, and under that order the monks of Douai were arrested and sent to jail and their property was confiscated. But after a while, when Napoleon came upon the scene, a better frame of mind sprang up in France. Investigations whether this property should be given back were set on foot. Some of it could not be returned, because it was destroyed. Other parts of it were intact and could be restored. What happened was this, that a sum of money amounting, I believe, to something like £300,000, was given by the French Government to the English Government as compensation for that portion of the property which had been ruined and destroyed and the British Government, when it came to the distribution of the money to their subjects, held that because this property had been used for Catholic purposes—that being before the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed—they could not restore it, and they did not restore it, and, I believe, from that day to this it has remained in their hands.

But I only mention that incidentally, because that is not at all the property I am speaking of now. I put the question whether they ought not to get a share of that £300,000 aside altogether. I am not dealing with the property which was destroyed at the time of the Revolution and which remained intact and which was given back to them, I think, in the year 1818. From that day to this this institution remained there with the enjoyment of its property, and nobody suggested that it was anything else than British property, and the Government themselves do not deny that it is essentially British property. When the law was passed in France for the suppression of collegiate institutions of this kind everybody thought that by reason of the past history of the institution the new law would not apply to it at all, and the monks of Douai were informed by the British representative in France that in their opinion they would be perfectly safe, but notwithstanding that, to make assurance doubly sure, they sent in a petition for authorization. Their petition for authorization was never even examined. The examination was refused and they were told that at the end of two or three months they should leave their college, and when the time was up, to their intense surprise, not only were they forced to leave, but an official of the Government walked in and seized their entire property. Their country house and grounds, their college buildings, their chapels, their library of 20,000 books, even their personal property was seized and they were turned out with the clothes on their backs and their breviaries. Every penny of this property was British property invested by British subjects for British purposes, and every penny of it was confiscated.

That seems an extraordinary state of things, and one would have thought that the British Government was strong enough and willing enough to prevent it. I believe during the last 30 years large sums of money have been spent upon this college. Every penny of it was English money. A well known English gentleman, a Mr. Ward, well known probably to many members of this House (hear, hear), a most benevolent and charitable man, built a new wing and spent £10,000 of his own money on it and took up his residence there, and will be believed that although he never transferred this wing in any way to the Benedictines, and thought it was, therefore, his own property, he has been turned out of it and his property there, which cost £10,000, is gone, and even his own private property—his furniture, his books—he had the greatest difficulty in retaining. It seems inconceivable. The complaint which the Douai Benedictines make is not about their expulsion. They were there in a sense, I agree, as guests of the French nation enjoying French hospitality on French soil. If France wished to withdraw that hospitality and put them out of the country that is a matter for France.

We have no right to complain, although we know such conduct is a reproach to the civilization of the twentieth century. (cheers).

What I am complaining of here is the monstrous, barefaced, open robbery of the private property of these English gentlemen, who devoted their lives and all their English money to the education of English students (cheers). Surely the boast has always been of the British Government that they can defend the property as well as the lives of their fellow-subjects in all parts of the world. The Benedictines naturally appealed to the Government, and Abbot Gasquet, the head of the Order in England, entered into communication with Lord Lansdowne upon the subject.

I will read some extracts from the correspondence to show the attitude taken up by the Foreign Office on this matter. Abbot Gasquet wrote on the 19th of April from Douai:—"We had been repeatedly assured by the authorities of this town, including the Mayor and the Deputies to the Chamber, that the laws lately passed in regard to the French religious corporations would not be found to affect our position as a wholly English establishment. Beyond this, the English Ambassador in Paris declared most positively that even if our college should be closed by an application of the laws there could be in our case nothing in the way of confiscation of goods nor any taking possession of our movables with a view to a compulsory sale of what was unquestionably the property of English subjects. I was astonished, therefore, to find on my arrival here yesterday that not only had a decree been received directing that this establishment should be closed within three months, but that a 'liquidator' had been appointed and had commenced his work by sequestering our goods and compiling an inventory with a view to their being sold." He enclosed with that letter to Lord Lansdowne a memorandum setting forth the history of the college, and showing how the foundation was made from purely English money. Here is the answer Abbot Gasquet received from the Foreign Office:—"I am to inform you that the Benedictine College at Douai, being situated in France, is governed by the laws of that country, and not by the laws of England. His Majesty's Ambassador at Paris took every step which was possible in the interests of the English bodies in France during the consideration of the Associations Bill in the Chamber of Deputies, but it is beyond the power of His Majesty's Government to interfere to protect the community at Douai from the operation of the law of the country in which their establishment is situated." Abbot Gasquet replied to that letter on the 5th of May as follows:—"I made no appeal to you to use the influence and authority of the British Government to enable us to stay in France in opposition to the law closing similar establishments. My appeal was as Englishmen for the protection of our property—all of which is undoubtedly English—from the confiscation by the French Government, which not only threatens it, but which has already been begun. I shall be glad if Your Lordship will accord me an interview on this pressing subject at any time convenient to you. I will explain the matter verbally better than by letter, and could answer any question about the status of our college and property. I cannot conceive that if the facts were known our Ambassador in Paris would sacrifice such large English interests without at least some attempt to save them. Meantime, I beg to enclose for your information a statement of fact in regard to our property in France, which I hope will be sufficient to convince you that the French Government has always acknowledged the property in question as British." Lord Lansdowne replied to that letter to say:—"His Majesty's Ambassador at Paris is fully aware of the circumstances of the case, and has done what is possible to obtain considerate treatment for the English Benedictines, but his Majesty's Government have no locus standi for further intervention. The points raised in your letter will, however, be carefully examined in consultation with Sir Edmund Monson and the law officers of the Crown." Had they no locus standi in Venezuela? (cheers). It is always the boast of the English Government that they have locus standi where robbery and oppression is meted out to their subjects (cheers). Then came the final letter from Abbot Gasquet, in which he stated:—"The question I raised was a claim for compensation for the confiscation of British property by the application of the new French laws. It is not a question of law, for, as I understand, no question of law arises as to a claim for compensation made by one civilized nation to another for injury done to property, even if it is a question of diplomatic representation and international equity, and even after the great French Revolution compensation was made for similar property under the Treaty of Paris. It is true that we did not receive the money from the English Government admitted the justice of the claim by paying it." Then he goes on to say:—"I should be glad to know whether I am to understand that His Majesty's Government now propose to make no representation to obtain compensation for the present confiscation of the property of British subjects," and then there is the final reply, dated 28th June, which is a repetition of what was stated before, that they had no locus standi and could do nothing in the matter.

It is clear, therefore, that the Government did interfere at one stage when this law was passing through the French Parliament. Apparently the Government instructed their representative in Paris to try with the French Government to get as considerate treatment as possible for the English monks. But have they made any representations on the question of compensation? If they have been made and failed, then I think the British Government is in a most humiliating and contemptible position (Nationalist cheers). If they have not made such representation then I would ask them to make it now. We know perfectly well that if Sir Edmund Monson were to make

it a serious cause of complaint that the property of British subjects had been confiscated, some compensation would be given and some justice done to these British subjects who have been expelled from that country. Lord Cranborne said he could not be surprised at the heat shown by Mr. Redmond, and he could not profess not to agree with him in deploping what had taken place. Such an Act as the Associations Law would not ever have been passed in this country, and he could not but be surprised, if he could say so with respect to a great neighboring nation, that the French Government should have thought it necessary to introduce such a law. The Government had done the very best they could for the Benedictines at Douai. Mr. Redmond: Have you intervened on the question of compensation? Lord Cranborne said they had intervened on the question of their status and of their property, and they had been unsuccessful. The Government had presented a reasoned memorandum going at length into the claim they thought might be set up on behalf of the Benedictines, and the French Government had replied that as these English gentlemen lived in France they must be subject to the French law, and he thought they went so far as to say they could not stand up to their own public opinion if they were to treat foreigners better than they would treat their own citizens. The Foreign Office thought that Abbot Gasquet and his Order would be well advised to try and exhaust their legal remedy in the French Courts, and if they found that, after all, the law did not involve the sequestration of property let them come to the British Government and ask for their intervention to secure them their rights in respect of property which ought not to be sequestrated and in that case the Government would be not only willing but anxious to help them.

Lord Edmund Talbot agreed with every word that had fallen from Mr. Redmond in regard to the Benedictine monks, and he recognized the sympathetic tone of Lord Cranborne. Mr. Joseph Walton thought the British Government should ask the French Government to refer this question to the Hague Tribunal.

The discussion was continued by Mr. Wm. Redmond, Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Labouchere.

Lord E. Talbot on Monday asked the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs whether the correspondence between His Majesty's Government and the French Government relating to the English Benedictines at Douai would be laid upon the table; and whether the correspondence on this subject between the French Government and the Foreign Office would be laid upon the table.

Viscount Cranborne: In reply to the noble Lord's first question, I have to say that papers will be laid. With regard to the additional paper which the noble Lord speaks of, I will do my utmost to satisfy him; but I cannot answer quite off-hand. Mr. A. Taylor asked whether the noble Lord would also include any correspondence relating to the general legislation of the French Government in respect to these Orders which was the subject of his criticisms last week.

Viscount Cranborne: I do not think that really arises on the question. I must ask the hon. member for notice.

EDUCATIONAL. "Blinkbonnie" 724 Sherbrooke St. A full course in Commercial and Scientific subjects. Short-hand by experienced Stenographer. A few Boarders accommodated. Large grounds for recreation. A. J. HALES SANDERS, PRINCIPAL. C. A. BOTSFORD, SECRETARY. SITUATION VACANT

WANTED—For about September 15, a good reliable nurse for two children, 6 years and 3½ years. Must have good references. Apply in the evenings after August 28th, to MRS. J. G. MCCARTHY, 61 Drummond street, Montreal.

It is a miserable and to deceive the innocent, and whenever a conception becomes known of the better heart of the world. Yet, there to-day, who, under pinning advice and of talking, lead young men usher them into avenue ably end in an abyssment. The craze at seems to have seized upon world is one of getting and bounds and doing of all considerations, mawise. There is nothing dazes a young man of immediate wealth. of it suggests all the power, all the ad good or for evil that was chase. Set before a y alluring picture of wealth a few short years and him a burning passion but failure can quench And he is pretty certain with that failure, unless happen to be one in ten Writers amuse themselves money at the same time of the young men ting out in life. Instancing a love of work, heroism that can rise superior to all obstacles, dazzle the poor brain pictures of extraordinary and cite examples, the rare exceptions, to establish actness of those pictures every publication, in g like New York, this And young men become with this stimulating lit neglect all opportunities all-important obligation and of sacrifice, and call to await their opportunity they fall asleep by the see not their opportunity go past. When they bright dreams have vanished and they are alone on t and away behind those out with them in the r against the rising g thus teach the rapid acc wealth, at the sacrifice fundamental principles For the one who gains v idly ten hundred thousand into poverty, or drag a carious existence, full of dreams and vanished delu These reflections often as we peruse some of the and deceitful articles in porary press of the gr There is one publication, which makes it a special posed mission to light u these lanterns and will- o- lgments that glitter up agnary pathway of life eyes of the ambitious yo name of this publication i — and it would strike th ter, yes nine times out of ten to head its contri literature "Failure;" bec is the rule and success th We are not pessimistic. C trary, we are exceedingly as far as the youth of the promises of the futur owned; but we do not w tion.

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Sensational Pen Pictures For Young Men. (By An Occasional)

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Sensational
Pen
Pictures
For
Young
Men.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It is a miserable and mean thing to deceive the innocent and confiding, and whenever a case of this description becomes known the one guilty of it incurs the severe criticism of the better-hearted portion of the world. Yet, there are hundreds to-day, who, under pretence of giving advice and of talking from experience, lead young men astray, and usher them into avenues that inevitably end in an abyss of disappointment. The craze at present that seems to have seized upon the whole world is one of getting rich by leaps and bounds and doing so irrespective of all considerations, moral or otherwise. There is nothing which so dazzles a young man as a prospect of immediate wealth. The thought of it suggests all the pleasures, all the power, all the advantages for good or for evil that wealth can purchase. Set before a young man an alluring picture of wealth made in a few short years and you excite in him a burning passion that nothing but failure can quench or subjugate. And he is pretty certain to meet with that failure, unless he should happen to be one in ten thousand.

Writers amuse themselves and make money at the same time, at the expense of the young men who are setting out in life. Instead of inculcating a love of work, a spirit of heroism that can rise equal and superior to all obstacles, they simply dazzle the poor brain with fanciful pictures of extraordinary successes, and cite examples, that are really rare exceptions, to establish the exactness of those pictures. In almost every publication, in great centres like New York, this is the theme. And young men become saturated with this stimulating literature, they neglect all opportunities, ignore the all-important obligation of work and of sacrifice, and calmly sit down to await their opportunities—and they fall asleep by the wayside and see not their opportunities as they go past. When they wake up their bright dreams have vanished into air and they are alone on the road, far and away behind those who started out with them in the race. It is a sin against the rising generation to thus teach the rapid accumulation of wealth, at the sacrifice of all the fundamental principles of success. For the one who gains wealth rapidly ten hundred thousand go down into poverty, or drag along a precarious existence, full of shattered dreams and vanished delusions.

These reflections often came to us as we peruse some of these fantastic and deceitful articles in the contemporary press of the great cities. There is one publication, above all, which makes it a special and self-imposed mission to light up the Chinese lanterns and will-o'-the-wisp allurements that glitter upon the imaginary pathway of life before the eyes of the ambitious youth. The name of this publication is "Success"—and it would strike the mark better, yes nine times out of ten, if it were to head its contributions to literature "Failure," because failure is the rule and success the exception. We are not pessimistic. On the contrary, we are exceedingly optimistic, as far as the youth of the day, and the promises of the future are concerned; but we do not want deception.

In the last issue of "Success," a writer signing Samuel E. Moffatt, has the first of two articles on "The Era of Young Men," upon the widely-discussed statement that the young men of to-day have not so good chances to succeed as had those of fifty years ago. Mr. Moffatt holds that there is no diminution in a man's possibilities, but, instead, a substantial improvement.

A few extracts from this article will go a long way to explain that which we wish to illustrate, and will prove the truth of our contention.

ing to affect us and our children? Are the opportunities for material success going to be as great under the new system as they have been under the old? Can a young man face life with the same confidence with which he could have faced it twenty years ago?"

This is very general and the questions merely draw attention to the condition of things. To such questions we naturally look for answers. Here is the first general reply:—"In regard to the brilliant prizes to be won by the exceptional man, the new conditions are most promising. Except where empires were to be looted by conquerors, wealth and power were never before so invitingly spread before ambition. The mere salaries of the higher industrial positions would formerly have been considered independent fortunes; and the salary is the least of the advantages open to a man who is able to grasp the levers of the modern social dynamo."

Fine language, but still it refers to "the exceptional man," which means the man exceptionally situated. This picture of the young man grasping "the levers of the modern social dynamo" is very enticing; but if he be not trained thereto and taught, all concerning that dynamo is liable to receive an electric shock that will end his operation for the rest of his days. It is easy enough to grasp levers, but it is not every one who knows what to do with the lever once he has it in hand. It is always the exception that these seductive writers set forth. Even in the present case we have an example. To illustrate his theory the writer of the foregoing says:—

"What do you think of a young man's chances of success under the new conditions? I asked one of the rulers of the Standard Oil dynasty, —a man who amassed his own gigantic fortune by helping to bring those conditions about. He took fire at once.

"There never before were such opportunities in the world!" he exclaimed. "If I were only twenty years old now, I wouldn't ask a dollar of anybody."

"Twenty years was just the age at which Oren Root, Jr., nine years ago, came from college to New York, looking for a job. He didn't care how dirty the job would make his hands, if it would offer a future. Mr. Root is now general manager of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of New York city. If you should see him on the street you would take him for a young lawyer's clerk, or perhaps an assistant teller in a bank. His smooth, boyish face does not charge him with a single day more than the twenty-nine years that belong to his account. Yet within nine years after his graduation from college he has worked up from a job as one of a construction gang to the management of the greatest street railroad system on earth, with the command of twelve thousand men, some of whom were running street cars before he was born. He has been a timekeeper, motorman, conductor, and assistant manager. Now he occupies a position more permanent and a good deal better paid than that of his uncle, Elihu Root, the secretary of war."

Why select Mr. Root as an example? Does the writer pretend that one in fifty thousand of the young men who read his honeyed words, will ever have the same opportunities as Mr. Root had? Certainly not. Apart from all question of ability, of native talent, Mr. Root happened along at period in electric street railroading that corresponds with the period in lumber or any other infant industry fifty years ago when our fathers began life. Then Mr. Root's opportunities would not come even to himself to-day.

Again, why take the great Standard Oil Trust as an example? If ever there were an exception surely that is one. The writer says:—"The Standard Oil Company was the leader in the creation of our modern industrial system. It was the first of the great trusts, and has been by far the most successful of all. In ten years it expanded a million dollars of capital into seventy millions, all made out of the business, and in twenty years more it has seen that grow to a market value of eight hundred millions. There are men in the employ of the Standard Oil Company who entered its service as office boys and are now millionaires. Like the United States Corporation and the Metropolitan Railroad Company, the Standard Oil Company is always on the watch for fresh brains. It keeps up a circulation of talent in its staff. It makes it a rule that every new recruit shall begin at the bottom, but it gives him every opportunity to work up. It has in operation a complete civil service system of promotions, by

which every vacancy is filled by the best man in the grade below. When age begins to warn an employee that it is time to think of economizing his strength, he is honorably retired on a life pension."

There is only one Standard Oil Trust, and the number of its employees is limited. To set this vast financial institution before the eyes of the ordinary youth, and to fill young minds with visions of millions made in no time by such means, is merely to create an interest in life by means "a delusion, a mockery and a snare."

All this tends to sow seeds of ill-regulated ambitions. It is simply creating a distaste for the slow, plodding, hard work that the vast majority of men must accept as the royal road to independence. The young man of to-day, stuffed with these vain ideas, would spurn the old-time methods of slowly building up a competence. They know not the sweets of repose after honest labor. They know no repose at all, for their brains are on fire. And in their mad thirst for financial success they find that temptations arise that they cannot resist, and they fall. They cannot walk in Root's footsteps, so they seek out the way of embezzlement; they cannot become oil magnets in a few hours, so they take the more direct path of forgery. Grow rich suddenly becomes a necessity; and whether the attempt lands them amongst the upper four hundred, or in Sing-Sing, it matters not; they have been educated in that line, and they must follow the inspiration. But fearful is the responsibility of the educators.

OUR
OTTAWA
LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, August 12.

This week the political situation, with its vast issues, and the one gigantic question now before Parliament, dominates every other matter. In fact, the entire interest of the Capital centres around the House of Commons; and, for that matter, the entire interest of Canada finds a focus there. In a weekly letter to a weekly publication it is absolutely impossible either to foresee events, when they move so rapidly, or to analyze what has taken place up to the time of writing. In a case like this, when such a matter as the Government's immense National Transcontinental Railway scheme is on the tapis, the only manner in which a reader desirous of studying the situation can attain that end, is by following the Hansard reports of the debate, and then carefully cutting out, or skipping all that is mere repetition and superfluous. As to any attempt at securing reliable knowledge by the perusal of newspaper comments and editorials, in the daily press, the time is simply lost. There is no medium, no careful and impartial judgments formed, — extremes, only extremes.

Take for example Hon. Mr. Blair's great speech of four hours and a half on this Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, and you have a striking example. The Conservative press is absolutely full of it, the Liberal press merely gives prominence to its weak points. Every powerful argument in that speech is recapitulated, set up under large head lines, leaded, encased in borders, and placed before the readers in every possible attractive manner, by the organs of the Opposition. Every gap in the chain of argument, every sign of redundancy, every hesitation, every slip, the Government organs set out with accompanying comments. Then the editorials are all one thing or the other—severe condemnation, or unlimited praise. In fact, we are in presence of two opposing elements, and the one who seeks honestly to be impartial, to wish for the country's good, irrespective of personal considerations or political prejudices, is at a loss what to think, what idea to form, what course to pursue. Thus it is that your correspondent would not dare to formulate any opinion as to the merits or demerits of either party. There is very much to be said in favor of the scheme now before the country; there is very much to be said against it. In three hours of a speech the Premier said a great deal in its favor, yet he did not advance all the arguments that could be brought forward; in four hours and over of a speech, the ex-Minister of Railways said a tremendous lot against it, but he has left

very much unsaid. So that we are merely in presence of the large map with its rough outlines; the details have yet to be filled in. Will the prolonged debate that is about now in progress add aught of positive information to what we now possess? It is a question that only time can answer. At all events, it would be ill-becoming a correspondent to pretend to a deeper knowledge in such a matter than that possessed by the intelligent reader of the paper. And to pronounce in a distinct manner either for or against the scheme would simply mean the advocacy of a political programme. This is out of the question in a Catholic organ that has for aim the advancement of special interests and the defense of special rights. Moreover, no matter in what light you view the subject there are undoubtedly good and solid arguments on both sides. Both parties agree to the ultimate necessity of such a great transcontinental line upon Canadian ground; but they disagree upon the opportuneness of the undertaking, the method of approaching it, the location of the line, and the amount of advance-information needed before commencing such a gigantic venture. It is on these questions of detail that the result will depend. And, if it be not presumption, it might be here respectfully advanced that no such subject can be practically and effectively discussed save by men of long and positive experience in the work of railway construction. Lines on maps, statistics drawn from external sources, and conclusions based on generalities, cannot but be merely theoretical—and the grand point now is to avoid the theoretical and cling to the practical.

In view of all that has thus been set forth the "True Witness" will excuse me from furnishing any lengthy comments upon the political situation at Ottawa, and outside that situation there is nothing of any interest taking place this week. The weather is so bad, so uncertain, so cold, that excursions, picnics, and such-like, that have been organized in numbers have been all postponed.

There is a novel kind of amusement, with fantastic names that has become the rage here. At Britannia-on-the-Bay, two weeks ago they had what was called a "Venetian night"—and as a result the electric cars could not suffice to carry the twenty thousand attended, and fully four or five thousand did not get home till 4 a.m., and would not have got home then had not the C.P.R. sent out a special train for them. A week later they had a "Persian Night," at Rockcliff Park, and the storm that burst over the city sent the "Orientalists" scudding home like so many drowning rats. Next week, at Aylmer, they are to have a "Parisian Night," and it remains to be seen what "hand of fate" will interfere with that gala celebration. While these "Nights" are marked by excessive gaiety and brilliancy, one may be excused for doubting their safety and utility—especially from a moral point of view.

Echoes From
Newfoundland.

Our readers are long since acquainted with the masterly style, the solid reasoning, and the universal attainments of His Lordship Bishop Howley, of St. John's, Newfoundland. On great and important occasions Bishop Howley rises to the required level and frequently takes loftier flights than is ordinary with those who treat grand themes. He had a magnificent subject a couple of weeks ago when he delivered a funeral oration of the late Pontiff Leo XIII. It was in St. Patrick's Church, Riverhead, and the sacred edifice was full to the degree of being crowded. Over twenty priests were in the sanctuary; and with breathless attention all within that temple followed the grand account of the great Pope's life and the touching and truly Apostolic tribute to his memory. We need not here repeat the text, nor the lucid explanation of it, which constituted the introduction, but the leading points we cannot pass over with mere words of appreciation. Taking up Pope Leo XIII's life at the period when he ascended the throne of St. Peter, the eloquent Bishop said:—"No sooner was our late Holy Father elevated to the Throne of Peter than he set himself to work to combat this many-headed hydra of communism, socialism, nihilism, anarchism and all other moral cancers that have been eating the vitals of society. Over and over again he attacked them by the incessant onslaught of those noble encyclical letters with which his whole pontificate has bristled; blazing forth as it were with a continued broadside of powerful ar-

tillery or as the incessant clashing of a great war cloud charged with death-dealing electrical force. No phase of human crime or evil or weakness has been left untouched by the scathing fire of these powerful and stirring letters. His first great encyclical, 'Inscrutabili,' published a few months after his accession, against the prevailing vices of society, was, as it were, the outline and the text of the whole series that followed. There were encyclicals on moral subjects such as the sanctity and perpetuity of marriage; the sinfulness and folly of divorce; on the rights and duties of citizens; on social questions, such as the evils of slavery; the condition of the working man; the rights and duties of capital and labor; the evils of secret societies and the true nature of Christian democracy.

"Theological questions, as the nature and true position of the Holy Ghost in Catholic doctrine. On Christ the Redeemer and the Christian doctrine of the atonement. On the Eucharist and many other theological points.

"Liturgical letters touching on matters of fundamental ritual and sacramental discipline, among which may be counted the famous pronouncement on the invalidity of Anglican Orders. And last, though by no means least, the noble encyclical on the study and reading of the Bible, and the vindication of the Inspired Book from the ruthless onslaught of modern so-called scientists. These would-be lights of knowledge, and what they audaciously call 'Higher Criticism,' puffed up as St. Paul says, with a slight smattering of weakly learning, have dared to attack the Divine Inspiration of the sacred Book, and would soon completely undermine its foundation. And under the plea of superior insight and intelligence would not leave us a vestige of Biblical Truth. Pope Leo handled them with unmerciful punishment, and vindicated for the world the truth and inspiration of the Bible, of which the Roman Catholic Church, has ever been the guardian and protector. For this great work he has merited the thanks and gratitude of even those outside his own flock who saw the only prop on which their faith rested being torn away, while the duly authorized heads and guardians of their sacred rights stood by inactive betraying the Divine trust confided to them."

Touching upon the visits paid to him by the potentates of earth, the Bishop said:—

"Look, again, at the friendly visits interchanged between sovereigns, and, above all, the visits to Leo himself, with all the 'clat' of regal honor, made by the sovereigns of the two mightiest nations of the world, Nations bound together by ties of race, of blood and of religion. Nations representative of the great schism of the XVI. century. Each vying with the other in their efforts to do honor to the venerable occupant of the throne of Peter. I allude to our own beloved sovereign, Edward VII., and his nephew the Emperor of Germany. Can anyone doubt that these great events will tend to the re-union of Christendom, or that they are due in a great measure to the sweet and gentle policy of the noble-minded old man who ruled the Church from the heights of the Vatican hill?"

"Look, again, at the episode of the arbitration concerning the disputed question of the Caroline Islands. The great political leader of the German Empire, he whose unbending will had merited for him the title of the 'Iron Chancellor,' even he bowed to the moral force and power of Pope Leo, and, in spite of his declaration to the contrary, 'went to Canossa.' He appealed to the high judicial power of the Pope, thus restoring the Papacy to the position of the 'Arbiter of Nations,' that pedestal of honor from which it was dragged down in these modern years. It was not only a triumph of the moral over the physical power, but it was a glorious vindication of the right of the Papacy to that high and independent position of the supreme tribunal among nations. It showed the need that exists for the existence of a higher court of appeal—A King to settle the disputes of Kings! It also showed the eternal perpetuity of the Church. That she is, and always has been, the guardian of science, of knowledge, of justice, on the face of the earth."

Another noble passage is that in which Bishop Howley recalls the ancient splendor of the Papacy and its revival, or rather perpetuation by the Sovereign Pontiff whom all mourn to-day.

"In the XV. century the Papal Court was surrounded by the most learned men, the most astute minds of the age. From there went forth the inspiring spirit which animated the hearts of a Columbus, a Vasco da Gama, a Cabot, to breast the unknown wastes of ocean and conquer to the dominion of Europe new

worlds and new peoples. So in our own days the long and glorious Pontificate of Leo has done much to show that the See of Peter still retains its ancient prestige. The world knows that the words which Leo uttered were true, that they were not spoken from the selfish motive. The world knows that he has put his finger on the centre spot of the evils which gnaw at the root of social life and intellectual progress; and the world is coming to acknowledge that it is necessary for the peace and harmony of nations, for the safety and society, for the protection of the weak against the strong, that there can be no lasting security unless there is a common and universally recognized head and leader; a power which must be above and without all worldly powers, thrones and dominations, and that power can nowhere be found on earth unless on the throne of the successor of Peter—that throne of which the Divine and infallible Master has said, 'Thou art Peter,' (a rocv), 'and on that rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

The peroration of this beautiful sermon cannot be omitted. It was in this glowing language that the gifted Bishop closed his tribute of love and veneration:—

"The cable was wafed to us over the expanse of three thousand miles the last words uttered by our departed Pontiff, 'Ecco la fine.' 'This is the end.' Does it not seem to you, my dear brethren, that we have heard before some words bearing a striking similitude to those last words of Leo? Some two thousand years ago from the height of Calvary's mound when the Divine victim offered up the sacrifice of His life for the redemption of the world; when, having shed the last drop of His Precious Blood He bowed down His head and 'yielded up the Ghost,' He uttered those last words, 'Consumma time est.' 'It is finished.'"

Yes! the physical life of Jesus of Nazareth was finished; but the great work of the founding of His Holy Church, the spreading of the Gospel among the nations, the enlightening of the Gentiles with the light of Faith,—these were only commenced, and the work was to go to the end of time. May we be permitted to hope and to say of Leo, also, that the work of his life, the spirit of his pure and noble soul, may also continue after his death, and that before the close, nay! the meridian height, of the present century has been reached, the dream and the ideal of his life may be realized. That nations may live together in peace and harmony; that the religious differences which divide Christian peoples may be healed, and that all may be gathered "into the one fold under the one Shepherd." Then, indeed, would be accomplished in its full meaning the last dying wish of the venerable Pope Leo. And while we pray that "eternal light may shine on him," and that his "soul may rest in peace," we are still permitted to hope that that pure soul has already heard, or shall soon hear the consoling words, "Rejoice in this, that thy name is written to heaven."

We feel almost inclined to repeat, after this tribute, the words of an eminent statesman of the last century, on reading a poem on the death of a friend: "It were worth dying to receive such praise and honor." But in his life-work and not in the most eloquent comments upon it, does the soul of the immortal Pontiff now rejoice.

Various Happenings.

ATHLETIC GROUNDS. — By the collapse of a grand stand at the Philadelphia Ball Club's grounds this week, four persons were killed, five are expected to die, and 180 others are being treated in various hospitals.

KING PETER IN TERROR.—King Peter, of Serbia, is being openly terrorized by his entourage, according to the Belgrade advices of the Cologne "Gazette."

Most of the present court officials who actually participated in or were privy to the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga, says the correspondent, appear to have strongly objected to a certain appointment.

A CONSUL MURDERED.—The Russian Consul, of Monastir, Macedonia, M. Rostkovski, has been shot and killed by a Turk, whom he had reproved for failure to salute him.

THE FRENCH PREMIER. M. Combes, had a narrow escape this week from death. While returning from a banquet at Marseilles two pistol shots were fired into the carriage, in which he was riding. A man giving his name as Sauvaire Picole has been arrested. The report says he is an Italian.

Catholic Magazines For August.

(By Our Own Reviewer.)

THIS MONTH the Catholic magazines are rich in good, instructive and interesting material. In fact, the mid-summer magazine is generally of a superior character, in all important cases, for there is generally more leisure to read, be it at summer resorts or in travel, than at any other season of the year.

It is gratifying to find that our Catholic publications keep pace with the best and largest secular magazines in this respect.

We have before us a bundle of them, containing a fund of highly meritorious contributions. It would be impossible to analyze, much less to comment upon them all. But it may be of use to our readers, who happen to be abroad at this season, and who desire to make selections in reading matter, to have as it were an index to the contents of these different publications.

Necessarily through all of them runs a biography, or biographical sketches, of the late lamented and glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII. In fact, if we were to select from these different publications all that has been written about the life, life-work and death of Leo XIII. we would have a pretty complete history of that grand and sublime figure. Once, for all, then, we will mention this as a subject to be found in each one of the magazines on our table; therefore, there is no necessity of repeating the same in each individual case.

THE MESSENGER.—The August "Messenger" is exceptionally well edited, and well filled this month. There is a very fine study, by Thomas F. Meehan, on "The Mothers of Future Congregations;" one that has its applicability strongly marked in our present great religious crisis. Rev. H. G. Ganss, under the peculiar heading, "Is the Best Indian a Dead Indian," gives some striking information concerning the aborigines and the utility of the civilized and Christianized Indian. Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J., presents an elaborately illustrated article on "Canterbury." The views of the old Cathedral are most beautiful, while the story of its vicissitudes, from the days of the Catholic monks downward is a strong page of English history. Rev. Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., tells of "The Real St. Francis of Assisi." The editorial comments include all the leading subjects of the hour, while the department headed "Catholic Chronicle," gives a general glimpse of whatever is of interest to Catholics, during the past month, in England, Rome, France, Germany, Ireland, Austria, and Switzerland—as well as in the United States. There are also about twelve pages of minor articles each with its degree of interest and information.

ANNALS OF OUR LADY.—The "Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," presents a charming August menu, commencing with a beautiful poem on "My Beads and Book." Under the general intentions for "Our August Novena," a correspondent writes forcibly upon the awful sin of Blasphemy. "Peeps at Papuans," is a charming piece of writing, replete with unique information. A Redemptorist Father translates a very edifying contribution entitled "De Sancta Agnete." In view of the selection of the Patriarch of Venice, as successor to our late Holy Father, much interest will be attached to Virginia McSherry's article, "A Looker on in Venice." These are but a few of the leading features of the August "Annals."

ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.—This little magazine, in its brown cover like an humble Franciscan, contains a world of good things. The

titles alone of the contributions will furnish an idea of its contents. It opens with a poem on the Assumption. "The Consummate Flower of the Christian Religion;" "A Marvelous Individuality;" "The Third Order of St. Francis;" "Franciscans in the Wilds and Wastes of the Navajo Country;" "No Man Stood Higher;" "Ceremonies Observed After the Pope's Death;" "Despise Not Thy Neighbor;" "The Dying Leo," and about as many more articles, that we cannot learn of by the mere titles given to them, constitute the saintly and reliable contents of this fine number.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.—The contents of "The Rosary" for this month are surprisingly attractive, from the splendid and life-like picture of Leo XIII. on the front cover, to the last illustration in the number, we have before us a truly charming Catholic publication.

The names of the writers will suffice to guarantee the excellence of all the articles. After the illustrated life of Leo XIII. comes a short story, "The Road of a Rosary," by Margaret M. Halvey; "Influence of the 18th Century Literature on France," by Florence Bain Seymour; "Freedom for the Birds," a sweet poem, by Margaret A. Richard; "Quid est Deus?" another poem, by M. L. Jones; "The Mother of St. Dominic," by M. Marchal; "The Old World seen through American Eyes," "A Serial of Travel," by Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D.; "His First Case," a story, by J. A. O'Shea, Ph.D.; "A Cross of Honor," another story, by Mary E. Mannix; a number of poems and sketches, the list of which would fill a page; "The Corcoran Gallery of Art," illustrated; "Method of Electing a New Pope;" "Shakespeare and His Works;" "Cardinal Angelo Di Pietro;" "Some Thoughts from Ozanam's Biography;" "The Gael and St. Dominic;" and editorial as well as communicated matter of high order to make up one of the most delightful summer publications procurable.

DONAHOE'S.—It is almost needless to call attention to Donahoe's Magazine—such studies has this publication made in every sphere that it now ranks high amongst the first on this continent. The August number is a special memorial one for the late Pope; and when we have said this much we give a general idea to all who know "Donahoe's" of how completely that grand subject is treated on its pages. "Dispossessed Americans," (illustrated), by James Connolly, forms an attractive feature in itself. R. Barry O'Brien writes forcibly on "Parliamentary and Extra Parliamentary Agitation in Ireland." After a couple of short and interesting stories, comes an illustrated article on "The Irish Party in the House of Commons," by Michael MacDonagh. Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., one of the most delightful biographical writers of our day, has an illustrated contribution on "Sir Charles Gavan Duffy," consisting of additional Memoirs and Letters of the great Irish patriot. Rev. J. F. Mullany, LL.D., writes on "Our True Position;" and Rev. John Talbot Smith, reviews the dramatic year. It would be difficult to add any comment to the many other contributions in this issue, beyond the simple statement that they are all in accord with the high literary, religious and patriotic character that "Donahoe's" has so well earned during the past few years.

THE CANADIAN MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, published by the Jesuit Fathers of Montreal in connection with the League of the Sacred Heart, is replete with interesting articles on various subjects. From the touching tribute, to the memory of that noble Catholic lady—Miss Elmiere Drummond—whose death was recorded in these columns some time ago, we take the following extracts:—

"Responsibility seemed to come to her always. It commenced in early youth when those in her own home turned to her naturally, (as every one who knew her has done since), for strength and help. Her mere presence was a comfort, for she seemed to know by instinct what your pains and troubles were, and she was one of those on whom you could ever call for fresh supplies and never call in vain, so great was the store of strength which she had gathered at the fountain-head." Never was more loving service tendered by any one to suffering humanity."

Elmiere Drummond was born in Montreal, on the 4th of September, 1843. When about ten years of age she went with her family to Quebec, as her father, the late Hon. Lewis Drummond, a member of the Government of the day, found it advis-

able to take up his residence for a time in that city. While there she was a pupil at the Ursulines, when she made her First Communion.

On her return to Montreal in 1855, she became a pupil of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, and was the first graduate at their Convent of Villa Maria in 1860, having passed most brilliantly in French and English. To this institution she remained deeply attached, her affection strengthening with her years; and she was ever a true and loyal friend to those who guided her in knowledge. Their interest were far dearer than her own. Night and day she was ever ready to further their aims. For years she longed to join their Order. It was her dearest wish on earth, but was nobly put aside for what she considered more imperative duties. Indeed this might be considered her supreme act of self-sacrifice, so earnestly did she crave for the religious life. But the sacrifice was not in vain, for through the life she actually led she attained the greatest heights.

Absolutely forgetful of self, entirely devoted to the smallest duties that came to her hand, she ever sought the good of others, with a craving for their growth in holiness that is only given to saints to possess. To see her bent in adoration was an inspiration, and so often it seemed in looking at the little frail figure, worn from work and toil for others, that a halo seemed to be about her.

So pure was that dear spirit that she seemed to lift you along with her into her heavenly flight from which she would return but to give better cheer and courage to the toilers here below. Her zeal for the glory of God and the saving of souls found expression in an active participation in many of the benevolent and philanthropic societies, such as the Sewing Circle of the Children of Mary, whose weekly meetings she never failed to attend, lending most valuable aid, the Catholic Sailors' Home, the Jesuit Fathers' Free Library, to which she was specially devoted, and the Diurnal Adoration at the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, a work which specially appealed to her, and into which she poured out all the treasures of her mystical soul.

She made herself poor in earthly goods, and stripped herself of all things, for the benefit of others, giving up not comforts only, but what might be considered very necessities. No nun in convent cell ever practised poverty more perfectly, yet none was richer in all that was best. Her mission was to help and comfort all in need. It mattered not who you were, what you were; if you were suffering humanity she was your sister, your friend. To many a poor woman she has supplied food and clothing, but best of all love and kindness. It was of herself she gave with her rich store of sympathy.

WITH SUCH A FUND of fine material ready for their perusal our Catholic readers need have no difficulty in finding intellectual food for nourishment as well as for recreation during the warm summer season at hand. There is no need in having recourse to light or sensational, or even questionable literature—Catholic pens supply all that is needed, and more than can be used.

A NON-CATHOLIC'S SOUVENIR

A little trait in the character of an American millionaire, who recently visited England, came within our notice, says the London "Tablet;" and seems to be worth a record. From an inner coat pocket this gentleman brought forth some precious documents for reference, when in the midst of them was seen a little picture of the Sacred Heart. It was a cheap little oleograph which nestled in a bank book that could buy up an English county; and perhaps a look of surprise on the face of a spectator, who happened to be a Catholic, drew from the man of affairs a sentence of explanation. "You may," he said, "be surprised to find a Protestant like myself bearing about with me a Catholic emblem. It happens that among the thousands of people in my employ, one—a young Catholic girl in a very humble position—came to me some years ago, told me she was praying for my conversion, and asked me to carry this holy picture about me. My dear, until I die, promised her. So it has been ever since, and I would rather lose most of the contents of my pockets than lose that now ragged memento of a simple girl's disinterested piety in my regard."

Local Secular Press And Pius X.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It is almost amusing to note the editorial comments in the secular and non-Catholic press upon the election of Pius X. Two things are remarkable in almost all these articles; one is the manner in which they seek to explain by every imaginable human means an election that puzzles them and defies all their calculations; the second is the desire they express for a policy that might be considered as a continuation of that of Leo XIII. In all they are entirely oblivious of the fact that the election of a Pope is a matter of direct inspiration by the Holy Ghost, and the course to be followed by the Pope, in regard to the Church's government, depends upon the needs of the hour and upon the most faithful correspondence with the plans of God in regard to the Church. Judging the situation from a purely human or political standpoint, they necessarily fail in their calculations and are entirely at sea, no matter how great the good will that they desire to exhibit. We have before us two editorials that may well be taken as samples. One is from the Montreal "Herald," the other from the "Daily Witness." In both cases there is a manifest desire to give credit, to be just, and to create good feeling; but in each case we have the positive evidence of the lack of appreciation of the situation, an absence of understanding the true inwardness of the Church's mission, of her Divine guidance, and of her principles.

Take, for example, the closing of each of the two articles. The "Herald" thus ends:—

"From what is known of it, the character of the new Pope is singularly like that of his illustrious predecessor, and that he may continue the work on the lines so well laid down by him will be the devout wish of the Christian Church in all its branches."

This is a very Christian and kind wish, and it is the same that comes from all the other organs. Here is how the "Witness" closes:—

"All we yet know augurs well for a conciliatory, broad-minded and progressive reign. It will be the prayer of those who live in the larger light that his soul may be illumined by evangelical truth, so that from the chair that claims Peter as its founder may radiate that truth which Peter preached."

Again the same conciliatory sentiments. In the former case we note that the Editor speaks of "the Christian Church in all its branches," while in the latter case the writer tells us that such will be "the prayer of those who live in the larger light." Both the claim in the one and the insinuation in the other are equally as natural, coming from non-Catholic sources, as they are baseless; but that does not alter the desire for a conciliatory future, and such prayers and wishes augur well for the future.

But where their human calculations fall short and their judgments based upon mere political ground work or experience fails is when they come to fathom the mighty mystery that accompanies the Church throughout the long centuries of her existence. The "Herald's" writer fairly acknowledges his incapacity to understand that which has baffled the minds of millions. He says:—

"The elevation of Cardinal Sartò, Patriarch of Venice, to the Papal throne, while it comes as a surprise to those whose vision was concentrated on the play of the stronger forces in the conclave within the Sistine Chapel, is just one of those paradoxical adjustments of a complex situation that history seems to delight in furnishing. The circumstances are not unlike those that prevailed when the late Pope Leo XIII. became Supreme Pontiff, for on that occasion the powerful rival factions failed to agree, and choice fell upon Monsignor Pecci, the Cardinal Camerlengo. In Cardinal Sartò is a churchman who was removed from the influence of the dominating factions in the Church, spending himself, as Cardinal Pecci had spent himself, in his parochial and patriarchal work, and yet living such a life that even the most powerful princes of the Church, finding they cannot achieve their own elevation, unite in raising the more humble worker, the great preacher and the

able writer, to the most exalted station."

The same old error. The same unreliable and totally false material wherewith the public has been fed during the last month by the press. Rival Cardinals, political intrigues, governmental influences, and sections, parties, factions, ambitions. Once for all these are but the phantoms that fevered and irregular imaginations conjure up. If there were any aspirations amongst the Cardinals, decidedly the attainment of the Papacy was not one of them. In fact, never before in the history of the Church, has the direct and secret action of the Holy Ghost been more clearly manifest. And all, outside the pale of the Church, will admit a paradox, a mystery, a wonder; but all seek to explain it by inventing new combinations and fresh factional struggles—not one is willing to see in it the patent evidence of disinterestedness on the part of the conclave, and direct inspiration on the part of God.

The "Witness," however, allows itself to fall into the old rut. It cannot touch any subject of Catholic interest without conjuring up the mythical terror of "Jesuitism." This is seen in its second last paragraph, when, referring to the new Pope, it says:—

"He is not, so far as we read, as was Leo XIII., a disciple of the Jesuits, for which mankind in general will trust him the more and love him the better."

This palpable evidence of an inextinguishable prejudice may, however, explain the contrast drawn between the interest taken by Leo XIII. in the laborer and that which the present Pope is expected to take. There is a small and exceeding narrow insinuation in the passage to which we refer, and one that harmonizes but sadly with the universally acknowledged grandeur of the late Pope's mind and sentiments. Read this:—

"The last Pope was a count; the present one is a peasant. Joseph Taylor is his name in English. His mother remained a simple cottager when he was Patriarch of Venice. His sister is a dressmaker, his brother a village postman at eighty dollars a year, who preferred to go on delivering his letters to becoming dependent on the patronage of his successful brother. While this honorable extraction seems in no sense to have belittled the new Pope, it cannot but have created in him such a sympathy for the independent and struggling poor as no amount of sentimental good-will towards that class could have endowed him with. The revolution which took theoretic form in Pecci, namely, the transference of the reliance of the Holy See from monarchs to the people, will in him become a matter of natural sympathy."

Here again we have the critic studying the individuality, the antecedents, the qualifications, the social status, or the family history of the Pontiff. Where these writers fail to grasp the situation, is in the fact that they do not understand how God governs the Church through the instrumentality of men, exalted or humble, high in social rank or lowly in occupation—a Saul or a Simon—without the slightest regard to the affairs of this world. They fail to understand a spiritual kingdom, ruled by the vice gerant of Christ, inspired by the Holy Ghost.

fore the hour set for the ceremony, and held a kind of informal reception, the conclave, short as it was, having brought them cordially together. First came the Swiss Guard, then the Palatine Guard, followed in irregular ranks by the whole Pontifical Court.

The Pontiff, in spotless white, his gray hair in harmony with his whole attire, and surrounded by the Noble Guard, who always remain near his person, went on foot just as the others. He reiterated his aversion to being carried in the Papal chair, declaring he much preferred to walk, being used to plenty of exercise.

The procession having gained the hall of the throne, where the members of the diplomatic body were gathered, the ambassadors arose and remained standing while the Cardinals took their places. When this had been done the choir, under the direction of Father Perosi, the composer, broke forth with a melody which held every one spell-bound.

Senor d'Antas, the Portuguese Ambassador and dean of the corps, read in a clear voice the collective greeting of his colleagues, presenting their homage to the Pope and assuring him of their fidelity. Pius X. answered with great cordiality, thanking them heartily for their good wishes.

All then kissed his hand, and the Pontiff took this opportunity of speaking personally to each, showing a knowledge of the politics of the diverse countries which surprised the diplomats, the new Pontiff being credited with taking small interest in affairs outside Italy. It was another surprise to them to hear him speak French, if not fluently, at least with a certain readiness. Altogether the whole audience gave promise of a new era of international cordiality at the Vatican.

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Feast of the Assumption

(By a Regular Contributor.)

"Lady-Day," from the fact that it has been called the Midsummer Day, is the mid-festival in honor of the Mother of God. The feast of the Assumption upon this day, and will be celebrated in all parts of the world. As it is one of the most important of the year the eve of it is fast and abstinence.

We have before us a bundle of them, containing a fund of highly meritorious contributions. It would be impossible to analyze, much less to comment upon them all. But it may be of use to our readers, who happen to be abroad at this season, and who desire to make selections in reading matter, to have as it were an index to the contents of these different publications.

Necessarily through all of them runs a biography, or biographical sketches, of the late lamented and glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII. In fact, if we were to select from these different publications all that has been written about the life, life-work and death of Leo XIII. we would have a pretty complete history of that grand and sublime figure. Once, for all, then, we will mention this as a subject to be found in each one of the magazines on our table; therefore, there is no necessity of repeating the same in each individual case.

THE MESSENGER.—The August "Messenger" is exceptionally well edited, and well filled this month. There is a very fine study, by Thomas F. Meehan, on "The Mothers of Future Congregations;" one that has its applicability strongly marked in our present great religious crisis. Rev. H. G. Ganss, under the peculiar heading, "Is the Best Indian a Dead Indian," gives some striking information concerning the aborigines and the utility of the civilized and Christianized Indian. Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J., presents an elaborately illustrated article on "Canterbury." The views of the old Cathedral are most beautiful, while the story of its vicissitudes, from the days of the Catholic monks downward is a strong page of English history. Rev. Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., tells of "The Real St. Francis of Assisi." The editorial comments include all the leading subjects of the hour, while the department headed "Catholic Chronicle," gives a general glimpse of whatever is of interest to Catholics, during the past month, in England, Rome, France, Germany, Ireland, Austria, and Switzerland—as well as in the United States. There are also about twelve pages of minor articles each with its degree of interest and information.

ANNALS OF OUR LADY.—The "Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," presents a charming August menu, commencing with a beautiful poem on "My Beads and Book." Under the general intentions for "Our August Novena," a correspondent writes forcibly upon the awful sin of Blasphemy. "Peeps at Papuans," is a charming piece of writing, replete with unique information. A Redemptorist Father translates a very edifying contribution entitled "De Sancta Agnete." In view of the selection of the Patriarch of Venice, as successor to our late Holy Father, much interest will be attached to Virginia McSherry's article, "A Looker on in Venice." These are but a few of the leading features of the August "Annals."

ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.—This little magazine, in its brown cover like an humble Franciscan, contains a world of good things. The titles alone of the contributions will furnish an idea of its contents. It opens with a poem on the Assumption. "The Consummate Flower of the Christian Religion;" "A Marvelous Individuality;" "The Third Order of St. Francis;" "Franciscans in the Wilds and Wastes of the Navajo Country;" "No Man Stood Higher;" "Ceremonies Observed After the Pope's Death;" "Despise Not Thy Neighbor;" "The Dying Leo," and about as many more articles, that we cannot learn of by the mere titles given to them, constitute the saintly and reliable contents of this fine number.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.—The contents of "The Rosary" for this month are surprisingly attractive, from the splendid and life-like picture of Leo XIII. on the front cover, to the last illustration in the number, we have before us a truly charming Catholic publication.

The names of the writers will suffice to guarantee the excellence of all the articles. After the illustrated life of Leo XIII. comes a short story, "The Road of a Rosary," by Margaret M. Halvey; "Influence of the 18th Century Literature on France," by Florence Bain Seymour; "Freedom for the Birds," a sweet poem, by Margaret A. Richard; "Quid est Deus?" another poem, by M. L. Jones; "The Mother of St. Dominic," by M. Marchal; "The Old World seen through American Eyes," "A Serial of Travel," by Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D.; "His First Case," a story, by J. A. O'Shea, Ph.D.; "A Cross of Honor," another story, by Mary E. Mannix; a number of poems and sketches, the list of which would fill a page; "The Corcoran Gallery of Art," illustrated; "Method of Electing a New Pope;" "Shakespeare and His Works;" "Cardinal Angelo Di Pietro;" "Some Thoughts from Ozanam's Biography;" "The Gael and St. Dominic;" and editorial as well as communicated matter of high order to make up one of the most delightful summer publications procurable.

DONAHOE'S.—It is almost needless to call attention to Donahoe's Magazine—such studies has this publication made in every sphere that it now ranks high amongst the first on this continent. The August number is a special memorial one for the late Pope; and when we have said this much we give a general idea to all who know "Donahoe's" of how completely that grand subject is treated on its pages. "Dispossessed Americans," (illustrated), by James Connolly, forms an attractive feature in itself. R. Barry O'Brien writes forcibly on "Parliamentary and Extra Parliamentary Agitation in Ireland." After a couple of short and interesting stories, comes an illustrated article on "The Irish Party in the House of Commons," by Michael MacDonagh. Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., one of the most delightful biographical writers of our day, has an illustrated contribution on "Sir Charles Gavan Duffy," consisting of additional Memoirs and Letters of the great Irish patriot. Rev. J. F. Mullany, LL.D., writes on "Our True Position;" and Rev. John Talbot Smith, reviews the dramatic year. It would be difficult to add any comment to the many other contributions in this issue, beyond the simple statement that they are all in accord with the high literary, religious and patriotic character that "Donahoe's" has so well earned during the past few years.

Feast of the Assumption.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

"Lady-Day," from time immemorial it has been called in the Old Country; it is the mid-summer festival in honor of the every Blessed Mother of God. The 15th August, the feast of the Assumption, falls upon this day, and to-morrow it will be celebrated in all the churches. As it is one of the important feasts of the year the eve of it is observed in fast and abstinence. It is upon this day, that, after her death, the body of the Blessed Virgin was taken to heaven to their participate forever in the glory that the Son of God had reserved for His own Mother. The lessons of that grand event are many, but two will suffice for our brief study to-day.

We have been taught that the one who was to give birth and to nourish the Divine Son of God could not be in any way tainted with the sin and corruption that are inheritance of humanity. So we find that even in her conception she was immaculate immortal Leo XIII. had lovingly proclaimed, and the jubilee celebration of which the late immortal Leo XIII. had lovingly prepared. It was then but reasonable that being undefiled by any spiritual taint throughout her existence, her pure body, the tabernacle of flesh that held so long the Son of the Most High, should also be free from the corruption that follows death. Escape the agony of death itself she could not; for it has been written that every one must die. That terrible sentence passed on mankind when the first sin of disobedience awakened the just wrath of God, knows no exception. Our Lord, Himself, was not exempt. It was by His submission to that decree that He opened the gates of heaven for fallen humanity. It was, then, a necessity that the Blessed Virgin should pass through the portals of death to the immortality beyond. But it was equally proper that her body should never know the corruption of the tomb.

Tradition says that she died in the very hall in which the Last Supper was held; the same in which, at Pentecost, the Spirit of Truth descended, in the form of fiery tongues upon the Apostles—on which occasion she, also, was present. It will be remembered that when our Lord appeared to His faithful followers, after His resurrection, St. Thomas was absent, and that he expressed his doubts as to the facts, when they were related to him. Our Lord then appeared again, and to confirm Thomas in his faith, He caused that Apostle to touch His wounds and to place his finger in the Divine side. As if it were to again test the faith of this great Apostle; when the Blessed Virgin died, all, with the exception of Thomas, attended the placing of her in the sepulchre. He was then on a mission towards the East. On his return they told him of what had occurred. Thomas had a deep love and veneration for the Mother of Christ, and he begged to be conducted to her tomb, that he might again set eyes on her beloved features before the work of the grave would efface their beauty. Consequently they all repaired to the tomb of the Blessed Virgin—when, to their surprise they found that she was not there. The King of Heaven had sent a contingent of the celestial army to conduct His Mother into the Kingdom of Glory; and the body of Mary had been taken up to Heaven, by angels, before the taint of earth's corruption could mar its perfection. It is that Assumption that we celebrate on this day, and that the Church will solemnize to-morrow.

Reflecting upon the glories of Mary it is necessary to take in the entire Rosary of her existence—the fifteen mysteries, sorrowful, joyous and glorious—that entwine her life as a garland. It is in the connecting of these mysteries that we come to form a feeble but just appreciation of our obligations towards her, of our power with her Divine Son, of our duty of love and veneration in her regard, and of her unmeasured and unmeasurable prerogatives. When we join to gather the two great events of an Immaculate Conception, at the very beginning of her existence, and of a glorious Assumption at the close of her earthly career, we can easily follow, step by step, the other phases of perfection in that marvellous life. As her Assumption was the triumphant consummation of her mission, as far as her life of suffering and of sacrifice was concerned,

so was it the commencement of her mission as far as regards her unending existence in heaven. And this second mission is one of protection, of mercy, of love, of gratitude, and of motherly care for the children here below who have confidence in her, who have recourse to her help, and who live in accord with the precepts laid down by Her Son, taught by His Church, and approved of by herself.

It has ever been known that whoever sincerely fled to Mary for protection has always found it in the hour of need, and above all at the hour of death. Above all on such occasions as this is she prodigal of her benefactions, and it is, therefore, incumbent upon us all to take advantage of this grand feast of the Assumption to place before her our supplications, to let her know our wants, to register our resolutions regarding her service in the future, and to ask with confidence her assistance and the potent advocacy of her influence, in our behalf, with her Divine Son.

We clip the following from the Michigan Catholic. It will be profitable reading for all Catholic men and women, who are inclined to speak words of criticism of our clergy:— It is a noteworthy fact that one of the marks of a true Catholic is the esteem he invariably cherishes, and the reverence he manifests towards the minister of God. It is not a cringing servility, nor fulsome flattery, nor again is it that mere sentiment of courteous refinement that prompts the true gentleman to acts of respectful obsequiousness toward other. No. Its source and consciousness that God Himself is the ultimate object of whatever honor is shown his priest. And this is but fitting, for has not the priest abandoned everything, to minister exclusively to them? Is not his life, his time and his labor at their disposal? Is he not the vice-regent of God in their regard? It is this entire and unreserved dedication of his whole being, physically, morally and intellectually, to the cause of his Maker that elicits this universal loyalty to the priest, and that distinguishes it from the more or less human motives that beget deference and respect, in the hearts of non-Catholics toward their pastors.

As a contrast, now and again there is to be found a person possessed of such mental giddiness and levity, or malice, or both, as to scruple not to censure nor to expose to obliquity and contumely the most innocent actions of his sacerdotal superior. Such persons by the very fact of these baseness to which they stoop prove themselves to be neither more or less ignorant, unprincipled slander mongers, and, as such, unworthy the notice of honest men. Yet the harm they are capable of doing is often incalculable. By their malice, or at least their unpardonable want of even ordinary judgment, they create enmities, antipathies, aversion, and in general do all in their power to weaken that moral influence which the priest, in virtue of his sublime office, wields over his faithful children. Such inconsiderate creatures seem oblivious to the fact that their wanton recklessness makes them rigorously amenable to the justice of God for all the evil that follows from this signal breach of religious-obedience. It might cause them astonishment to learn that sins of detraction in themselves venial, as a rule, become mortal when directed against an ecclesiastical person. And yet it is so.

Our Boys And Girls.

VALUE OF POLITENESS. — Our young readers should read the following little incident carefully and discuss its various points with their little friends, because it tells of the success of a few and the failure of hundreds of boys in making their first step in that great new world which opens up before them after they bid farewell to the happy scenes of the class-rooms. It is as follows: A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office. Nearly 50 applied for the place. Out of the whole number, he in a short time chose one and sent the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many."

"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was orderly and tidy."

"He gave up his seat instantly to the lame old man who entered, showing that he was kind and thoughtful."

"He took off his hat when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite."

"He picked up the book, which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest had stepped over it or shoved it aside, thus showing that he was careful."

"And he waited patiently for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside, showing that he was modest."

"When I talked with him, I noticed that his finger nails were clean instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellows in the blue jacket."

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

THE MONK CLAUDE. — Many years ago there dwelt in a cloister a young monk named Claude, who was remarkable for an earnest and devout frame of mind beyond his fellows, and was therefore intrusted with the key of the convent library. He was a careful guardian of its contents and, besides, a studious reader of its learned and sacred volumes. One day he read in the Epistles of St. Peter the words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day," and this saying seemed impossible in his eyes, so that he spent many an hour in musing over it.

Then one morning it happened that the monk descended from the library into the cloister garden, and there he saw a little bird perched on the bough of a tree singing sweetly like a nightingale. The bird did not move as the monk approached her till he came quite close, and then she flew to another bough, and again another as the monk pursued her. Still singing the same sweet song the nightingale flew on and on, and the monk, entranced by the sound, followed her on out of the garden into the wide world.

At last he stopped and turned back to the cloister, but everything seemed changed to him. Everything had become larger, more beautiful and older—the buildings, the garden, and in the place of the low, humble cloister church a lofty minster with three towers reared its head to the sky. This seemed very strange to the monk, indeed marvelous; but he walked on to the cloister gate and timidly rang the bell. A porter entirely unknown to him answered his summons and drew back in astonishment when he saw the monk. The latter went in and wandered through the church, gazing with astonishment on memorial stones which he never remembered to have seen before. Presently the brethren of the cloister entered the church, but all retreated when they saw the strange figure of the monk. The abbot only (but not his abbot) stopped and, stretching his crucifix before him, exclaimed: "In the name of Christ, who art thou, spirit of mortal? And what dost thou seek here, coming from the dead among us, the living?"

The monk, trembling and tottering like an old man, cast his eyes to the ground and for the first time became aware that a long, silvery beard descended from his chin over his girdle, to which was still suspended the key of the library. To the monks around the stranger seemed more marvelous in appearance, and, with a mixture of awe and admiration, they led him to the chair of

the abbot. There he gave to a young man the key of the library, who opened it and brought out a chronicle wherein it was written that three hundred years ago the Monk Claude had disappeared and no one knew whither he had gone.

"Ah, bird of the forest, was it then thy song?" said the Monk Claude with a sigh. "I followed thee for scarce three minutes listening to thy notes, and yet three hundred years have passed away! Thou hast sung to me the song of eternity, which I could never before learn. Now I know it, and, cast myself, I pray God kneeling in the dust."

With these words he sank to the ground and his spirit ascended to Heaven.—California Magazine.

WORK WELL DONE.—"A Chapter on Thoroughness" is the title which an exchange has used in telling the following little experiences of boys and girls who have got along in the world in many stations of life after they had left school. Patience, honesty, and attention to one's duties, will achieve much.

"Yes," I heard a woman say once of another worker, "she is a washwoman, and not a good one at that."

"Of course not," responded the listener, "if she had been good at work, she would not have remained a washwoman."

We wondered over this until its sense came to us. She meant if the woman had been thorough and painstaking she would have advanced until she either owned a laundry or controlled one.

A certain young boy working in the yards of a railway was an industrious worker, but since his position was obscure his work was not apt to attract attention if well done, but sure to bring a dismissal if ill done.

"I'll never be anything else," he said to me. "It's just so much and nothing more, but I'm doing it all right."

Sometime after I met him and asked of his welfare. "I lost my place," he said laughing. "What?" I cried. "I thought you were so careful?" "I lost it," he answered, "but the superintendent found me a fine position is the reason, and if I am thorough, I've got fair better before me."

The Dignity of the Priest

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Another young fellow eager for work applied for the position made vacant by the promotion of the other boy. At first he was eager and worked hard, but presently the insignificance of the position palled upon him, and he grew less careful. Little details that did not injure anything as he thought, were left undone. The discrepancies grew more frequent until, small as his position was, he received a reprimand.

This angered him. "If I work like a dog they never see it," he said.

He nursed his ill and forgot the work until one day he forgot some little duty that sent an inbound flyer crashing into another train in the yards; lives were lost and the company was liable for an immense sum of money. He will never be anything but a "jobber." He is not thorough; he cannot be trusted.

The girl who made and cooked her biscuits according to a well defined plan and drew her tea after a time-honored colonial recipe favored by George Washington, is to-day the owner of a line of restaurants in a southern city, each a marvel of exactness and cleanliness. The waiters are remarkable for their care, for they "boss" keeps her waiter who neglects his duties in the least.

Some of the best drug stores in an Ohio city are owned by a woman who as a young girl learned pharmacy with a patience and exactness that gained her fortune and wide renown.

A girl of thirteen once made a pitcher of lemonade, put a linen cloth, napkin and glasses on a table under a shade tree in the street and offered her product for a cent a glass. She was trying to earn money for a little necessity.

The linen was perfect, the glasses polished and inverted in a bowl of crushed ice.

The first customer was a boy in baseball costume; his brawny throat was panting with thirst and heat. "Come fellows," he cried as the car stopped, "here's your ice cold lemonade!"

They drank ten glasses and asked the price.

"Ten cents," modestly replied the little girl.

"Ten nothings!" ejaculated the first. "You'll just be here all the time, won't you? You're it!" and he laid down a dollar, refusing any change.

To-day at the age of eighteen that girl owns an establishment where women can get cool drinks and rest in soft chairs in beautifully shaded rooms, while electric fans persuade rest. She is not afraid to do her

Wanted to Borrow

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH. THE FABRIQUE AND TRUSTEES OF ST. MICHAEL'S, of this City, are desirous of borrowing money in sums of One Hundred Dollars or more, at four and a half per cent per annum, to be used in the construction of their new church on St. Denis street. For further details apply to

Rev. John P. Kiernan, P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL.

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CLEARING UP!

All Departments are CLEARING UP for the influx of New Goods. "Clearing Up" at this Season means giving away prices, as the undernoted will show:

Trimmed Millinery

ALL TRIMMED HATS AT AND BELOW HALF-PRICE!

Parasols

3 Dozen Children's Fancy Parasols, to clear 15c each.

3 Dozen Children's Fancy Parasols, assorted, some trimmed lace, some frills, some shot silks, to clear at 25c each.

18 Only, Children's Fancy Parasols, fancy frills, in white, cream and pink, worth \$1.00 to \$1.35, to clear at 35c each.

Ladies' Fancy Parasols, in light and dark colors, worth \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, to clear at 55c each.

Ladies' Fancy Striped and Fancy Checked Silk Parasols, also in Black, worth \$2.00 to \$3.50, to clear at 95c each.

Also another line, Ladies' Fancy Striped and Fancy Checked Parasols, worth \$3.55 to \$4.75, to clear at \$1.45 each.

Ladies' Fancy Filled, and Fancy Colored Silk Parasols, worth \$5.00 to \$7.50, to clear at \$1.95.

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ANTI-TREATING.

In the current issue of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record Dr. Hallinan, Newcastle West, has an article in the course of which he says 11,000 people have taken the anti-treating pledge in West Limerick, and he believes that the bulk of them have kept it. He says that if the Anti-Treating League be taken up earnestly and worked effectively through the country for five or six years it will, as far as one can forecast, do as much if not more, toward ending intemperance than any movement hitherto started in Ireland.

FIRE IN ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The lives of 130 children inmates of St. John Catholic Orphan Asylum, Utica, N.Y., were in imminent peril from a fire which started in the institution early Sunday morning, July 19, while the little ones were asleep. The asylum is in charge of the Sisters of Charity, and through their calmness loss of life and heavy property damage were averted.

At 2 o'clock in the morning one of the Sisters was awakened by a volume of smoke sweeping through the dormitory. Quietly awakening half a dozen other Sisters she slipped into her clothing and ran to the nearest engine house and gave the alarm. In the meantime the 130 sleeping orphans were aroused and on signal executed the fire drill and marched quickly from the threatened structure. Not a child was injured, and the firemen confined the flames to a small area.

DENTIST.

Walter C. Kennedy, Dentist, 883 Dorchester Street, Corner Mansfield

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company

"Niagara to the Sea"

AMERICA'S INCOMPARABLE SCENIC AND PLEASURE ROUTE.

Magnificent Palace Steel Steamers Leave Toronto for Rochester, Kingston, Clayton and Intermediate Ports.

Embarking a delightful sail across Lake Ontario, a trip through the fascinating scenery of the Thousand Islands (the Venice of America), and the exciting descent of all the marvellous rapids to

MONTREAL (the Metropolis of Canada) Where connection is made for cool and refreshing night ride to the famous old walled city of

QUEBEC (America's Gibraltar) Thence on to Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Pointe on the grandeur and variety. Steamer SERVICE is open for charter for Pleasure and Excursion.

For FURTHER PARTICULARS, APPLY TO M. FORTNER CHAFFIN, W.P.A., 125 St. James St., Montreal, Can. L. H. HENARD, 210 Dalhousie St., Quebec

Or to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

SUMMER HOTELS

THE MANOIR RICHELIEU MURRAY BAY, QUEB. THE TABOUAC

Owned and operated by the Company, and charmingly situated on the Banks of the St. Lawrence.

OF HAWAII.

Top of the Sandwich Islands, Dr. Boeynaems, in San Francisco on the first

Germany workmen are visited at their homes on pay days by savings bank officials to collect their savings for banking.

Ecclesiastical Notes

JUBILEE CELEBRATION. — On the 5th and 6th August there was a grand festival held in the parish of Saint Jacques l'Achigan. The vast throngs of citizens and of people from the surrounding country trooped to the convent of the Sisters of Ste. Anne. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that institution. Fireworks on the night of the fifth opened the series of festive ceremonies. On the sixth Mgr. Racicot, V. G., officiated at High Mass, and Rev. J. Thibodeau delivered a most touching and eloquent sermon. At noon a grand banquet was given at the convent, and in the evening a dramatic and musical entertainment completed the celebration.

The convent was founded in 1853, and belonging to the episcopal corporation was, at first, confided to the care of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. During eleven years this community occupied the convent. Then it was ceded, for purposes of education and instruction to the Sisters of Ste. Anne. It has been a flourishing institution from its very inception. At that time there were about 170 pupils. Now there are over 200 in the establishment. In 1896, the Convent of St. Jacques became the Mother House of one of the provinces of the institute. This province comprised ten houses or missions: St. Jerome, Ste. Anne des Plaines, St. Ambrose, St. Esprit, Rawdon, St. Cuthbert, St. Norbert, St. Felix de Valois, St. Gabriel, and St. Jacques. A grand edifice—provincial house and boarding school—100 feet by 55, of cut stone, has just been completed. Another 70 feet by 45 serves as chapel and for other purposes. These two buildings evidence the enterprise and generosity of the citizens of the place.

HOHELAGA CONVENT. — Last week Mgr. Racicot, accompanied by Rev. Father Jodoin, O.M.I., and Rev. Father Desrochers, S.J., presided at a most interesting ceremony at the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, at Hochelaga. The occasion was the pronouncing of perpetual vows by a number of novices. The sermon of the occasion was delivered by Rev. Father Gavary, O.M.I., and it was a most touching tribute to the spirit of sacrifice evidenced by all those young ladies, who, leaving the world behind have consecrated their lives to God and to the service of religion.

AT ST. BONAVENTURE. — On Monday and Tuesday, the 3rd and 4th August, a grand festive celebration took place in the picturesque village of St. Bonaventure. It was the silver jubilee of Rev. A. Blondin, pastor of the parish, and a former Pontifical Zouave. The residences of the village were brilliantly illuminated, and the citizens vied with each other in their efforts to prove their joy, their admiration and affection for their pastor, and their sentiments of congratulation and good wishes for his future. On Monday, the 3rd, the members of the Rev. Mr. Blondin's family, to the number of about thirty—including parents, sisters, brothers, and other relatives, came together to do honor to the hero of the occasion. The clergy was represented by a score of parish priests from all the surrounding district. Each carried a breast-pin, bearing a picture of Cure Blondin, and attached with Pontifical colors. The fireworks in the evening, the sending up of illuminated balloons, the music and singing all tended to stir up the enthusiasm of the vast assembly. On Tuesday morning a solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Mr. Blondin, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Prince and Tessier, as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Charlier, professor of rhetoric at the St. Hyacinthe Seminary. He preached from the words of St. Paul, "To work like a good soldier of Christ," and he delivered a magnificent eulogy of the priesthood, and here and there indicated how the one whom they had come to honor that day had nobly and faithfully fulfilled all the sacerdotal duties of his life. The address of the citizens was read, after Mass, by the Mayor, and the banquet that followed added the evening's entertainment "gladdened the heart of the good priest," as he expressed it in his feeling reply to their congratulations. With his parishioners we join in wishing Cure Blondin long years and happiness.

SHERBROOKE COLLEGE. — The College, or Seminary, of St. Charles Borromeo, of Sherbrooke, was founded in 1875, by Mr. Antoine Racine, and affiliated to Laval University, in 1878, and incorporated by Act of the Provincial Legislature in 1879.

Directed by experienced and zealous priests, the institution it furnishes both classical and commercial education as well as securing to its pupils the safest of religious instruction. The plan of studies comprises a commercial course, followed by a classical one. The first edifice was destroyed by fire during the winter of 1897-98, and has been replaced by a superb building, one of the most extensive in the Eastern Townships. The cornerstone was laid on the 23rd June, 1898, six months after the burning of the old college, and to-day the Seminary of Sherbrooke holds one of the first places in the ranks of our educational establishments in this province.

Each year a number of pupils go forth from its walls to do battle with the world in their various spheres of life. As it is during the first ten years of life in the world that a young man's future is generally set, that is to say from about the age of twenty to that of thirty, it has been thought well by the former pupils to hold a ten year gathering at the college. Consequently, this year, on Sunday last, the pupils of ten years ago met and the grand feast was prepared and superintended by Mgr. E. C. Tanguay, the Bursar of the Seminary and Honorary President of the Association. By a pleasant coincidence not one of the pupils, who sat side by side in class ten years ago was absent. The hand of death had not touched that happy family, nor had the hand of circumstances scattered them too widely apart, for all were able to be present. It was a joyous "conventum," under the leadership of its President, Mr. Achille Comtois, of Boston. Those present were Messrs. John A. McCabe, M.D., Windsor Mills, P.Q.; Wilfrid Lamy, M. D., Sherbrooke; Arthur Paquette, advocate, Shawinigan Falls; Joseph Raymond, priest, Vicar at Megantic; Frederic Gadbois, M.D., Sherbrooke; E. Lemaire, civil employe, Ottawa; J. A. Darche, M.D., Coaticook; Lindsay Crochetiere, Trappist; Joseph Begin, journalist, Montreal; William Tracy, law student, Sherbrooke; Henri Page, M.D., Quebec, and F. X. LeN. Duplessis, M.D., Montreal.

NEW SUPERIOR OF JESUITS. — It is said that Rev. E. Lecompte, S. J., so long connected with the novitiate at Sault au Recollet, has been named to succeed Rev. T. Filiaut, S. J., as Superior-General of the Order in Canada. Father Lecompte was ordained sixteen years ago.

AN OBLATE EXCURSION. — For some time past a number of the members of the Oblate Order have been doing a colonizing and missionary service throughout the Province of Quebec and in new Ontario. It is well known that the valleys of the Ottawa, the Red River and the Saskatchewan, as well as in other regions North and West the Oblates have been the pioneer missionaries. They visited the Indians, followed the lumber camps, established villages, and built churches. Mgr. Guigues, in Ottawa district; Mgr. Tache, Mgr. Grondin, and now Mgr. Langevin in the great North-West. In the valley of the Ottawa Archbishop Duhamel-continued the work of his predecessor, and the Oblate houses of Montreal and Ottawa sent forth yearly their contingents of missionaries. Around Lake Temiskaming magnificent townships have been cleared up, and appeared. Duhamel township is one of the most fertile in all Canada. A splendid steamboat service is given on Lake Temiskaming, and Booth's lumber railways carry passengers from the junction of the C.P.R. at Mattawa right to the shores of the Lake. Mattawa is three hundred and twenty miles from Montreal.

Since the clergy of the province, led by their Episcopal superiors have been pushing forward the work of colonization, the railway companies have co-operated with them and various excursions are held yearly to these new lands. The C.P.R. gives special rates—very low rates—for this purpose.

A year or so ago Rev. Father Blais, O.M.I., who has his headquarters at the Oblate Father's house on Visitation street, but whose mission is in the Temiskaming district, has had the duty of preaching a colonizing crusade in the more thickly peopled sections of Quebec. Amongst his other plans is to organize excursions, and to invite those to whom he has preached to go with him and see for themselves what he has described. One of these giant excursions left the Windsor Station on Monday last, and so great was the number of excursionists that two extra cars had to be added to the Soo train. They were all French-Canadian farmers. The Garde Ville Marie band accompanied the party. They went to Mattawa, thence to Lake Temiskaming, and after a couple of days visiting that grand region returned by the same route.

MGR. CHATARD'S ILLNESS. — The Right Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Indianapolis, is reported dangerously ill at his home in the Indiana capital.

Bishop Chatard, who bears the distinction of being the first priest elevated to the episcopate by Pope Leo XIII., was born in Baltimore, Md., and received his education at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md., being graduated in 1853. He adopted the profession of medicine, but after finishing his course decided to enter the priesthood. With this end in view he went to Rome and entered Urban College in 1857. At the end of six months, for his excellence in a public thesis, he received the title of doctor of divinity.

BEAUHARNOIS CONVENT. — In mid-July the splendid convent of Beauharnois celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Or rather we should say that the former pupils of that venerable institution held the celebration. Mgr. Emond, the beloved Bishop of Valleyfield, in whose diocese the convent is situated, and of which diocese it is one of the brightest ornaments, presided at those festive ceremonies. It was, indeed, a pleasant sight to see so many of the former pupils returning to spend a couple of days within that sanctuary of their youth. Mothers of families, and even a few had attained the dignity of grand-mothers were there, and they seemed to forget the world, the long pathway travelled, the cares of the home, the griefs that had been met with on the road of life, and all the obstacles of an intervening past, to plunge light-hearted again, if even only for a day, into the spring of youth and to drink the draughts of girlish joy that once made their existences so happy and hopeful. The progress of the institution has been very marked, especially during the past six or eight years, and while the good Bishop, in his modesty, takes none of the credit to himself, but on the contrary lavishes it on the Sisters and then on the faithful, still he certainly must feel pleased with the potent fact that the success of the convent and its recent developments are coincident with the creation of that diocese and with his assumption of the control of the new Episcopal See. We feel a great confidence in the future of this institution, and we trust that it may progress proportionately during the coming half century, for the good of the Church and the glory of God. Brothers, steamship Marina; Riley, steamship Pretorian; Wm. Dent, steamship American; Jos. Samuel, Mr. Artie Edwards, steamship Maxman; Seamen Reid, Prof. McCaffrey and Miss Orton were the accompanists.

ST. ANN'S PILGRIMAGE. — The annual pilgrimage of the men of St. Ann's parish, this city, to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, was a most edifying spectacle and worthy of the best efforts of that parish in the same direction for many years past. Hundreds of men assisted, and all shared, with much fervor in the spiritual exercises. Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., assisted by Rev. Father Holland and other members of the Order, accompanied the pilgrims on the good old steamer Beaupre, and they were most pleased with the manner in which all the pilgrims conducted themselves.

Catholic Sailors' Club

The regular weekly concert of this Club was held on Wednesday at its rooms, and from every standpoint was most successful. In introducing the chairman of the evening, the President of the Club, Mr. F. B. McNamee, referred to recent little troubles which a few seamen had encountered in the port, and offered them some seasonal advice in order to avoid a repetition of such unpleasantness.

Mr. John O'Connor, of St. Gabriel's parish, then took the chair, and in a spirited speech dwelt upon the importance and utility of the work of the Club. Mr. O'Connor has, since the inception of the organization evinced an enthusiastic interest in it, as he has done in all other undertakings concerning our race and creed during the long years of his residence in Montreal. The programme was much appreciated, and the performers taking part were as follows: Miss Bertha Cairns, Miss Pearl Clock, Miss May Cardiff, Miss Weston, Master Arthur McGovern, Master Cowan, Mr. McCaffrey, Mr. Maiden, James F. O'Neill, steamship Lake Champlain; Baxton brothers, steamship Marina; Riley, steamship American; Jos. Samuel, Mr. Artie Edwards, steamship Maxman; Seamen Reid, Prof. McCaffrey and Miss Orton were the accompanists.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC

OLD BOYS' REUNION Hamilton } \$10.65 And Return } \$10.65

Good going Aug. 15th to 17th inclusive Return Limit Aug. 24th, 1908.

FARM LABORERS WANTED.

FARM LABORERS EXCURSIONS (second class) will be run to stations on C.P.R. in Manitoba and Assiniboia, West, South-West and North-West of Winnipeg, as far as BEGONS, JAW, ESTEVAN and YORKTON, on August 24th, from stations in Province of Quebec, Quebec City, Megantic and West. For further particulars and tickets apply to nearest Railway Agent.

"IMPERIAL LIMITED" TRIP

FAST SERVICE between Montreal and Vancouver, leaving Windsor St. at 11:40 a.m. SUNDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS. Daily Trans-Continental Train at 9:40 a.m.

ST. ANDREWS-BY-SEA Sleepers Car Service. Commencing June 24th, and every Tuesday and Friday thereafter, through sleepers leave Montreal, Windsor St. 7:25 p.m., for St. Andrews. Returning leave St. Andrews Mondays and Wednesdays arriving Montreal 8:55 a.m. next day.

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD, Scarborough Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service. Trains Lv. Windsor St. 9 a.m. week days, 8 p.m. daily.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

HAMILTON OLD BOYS' REUNION MONTREAL TO HAMILTON } \$10.65 And Return } \$10.65

Going Dates—August 15, 16, 17. Return Limit—August 24, 1908.

SUPERIOR TRAIL SERVICE—Leave Montreal 9:00 a.m., 10:30 p.m. daily. Arrive Hamilton 5:40 p.m. and 8:50 a.m. Sleeping Cars on night trains and Parlor Cars on day trains through to Hamilton without change.

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED" daily at 9 a.m. at Toronto at 4:40 p.m., Hamilton 5:40 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 7:05 p.m., Buffalo 8:20 p.m., London 7:40 p.m., Detroit 9:30 p.m., Chicago 7:20 a.m. Elegant Cafe Service on above Train

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD AND SEASHORE. Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service, Lv. Bonaventure Station 8:00 a.m. week days, 8 p.m. daily.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 127 St. James Street Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

Catholic Sailors' Club

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Tel. Main 2161. ST. PETER and COMMON Sts.

Cowan's PERFECTION Cocoa.

FOOD FOR ALL AGES. GET IT FROM ANY GROCER

Household Notes.

DRUGS.—Under the heading "The Pernicious Habit of Self-Drugging," Dr. Stedman offers the following sensible advice:—

Perhaps the greatest foe to the health of the present generation is the pernicious habit of self-drugging. Nerve tonics, blood purifiers, sleep producers, and especially laxatives, are consumed by the gallon and the hundredweight. The primary effect of any of these poisonous mixtures is seemingly good; the nervous fidgets, the "tired feeling," the insomnia or the constipation, is promptly relieved by the first few doses. Naturally, when the symptoms return, as they are bound to do, the sufferer turns again to the bottle or the pill box. Again he gets relief, and again he is driven back to his drug, taking larger and larger doses as the habit is forming, until at last the letters are forged and a new "drug fiend" is created. It is cheaper than calling in a doctor, and is less troublesome than systematic exercise; but how many could be saved from this bondage, and how many slaves could be freed by rational physical culture, only the physician who knows the prevalence of this evil can guess. The nervous, the sleepless, and the

S. GARSLEY Co. LIMITED.

THE BRISK Demand for Remnants IS WELL MAINTAINED.

Business at The Big Store is so systematized that, ere the members of the Management depart in the evening, the sales during the day in each department are known to them. Thus the enthusiastic note that characterizes these announcements is inspired by results. It is well understood how The Big Store achieves its greatest successes. Persons would be other than human to resist the tempting values heralded in these columns from week to week. Hundreds of Dress Goods Remnants to be cleared at discounts ranging from 10 to 50 per cent. So many good Remnants, too, in Wash Fabrics, good and serviceable qualities and colorings, various useful lengths, at from 10 to 50 per cent. discounts. Remnants in all departments.

GOLF CAPES--WRAPS PREFERRED BY TRAVELLERS.

A most satisfactory assortment of such, and such values that will maintain the prestige enjoyed by this department. Ladies' G-If Cape, made of Dark Gray Camel's Hair Cloth, with triple capes, \$11.25. Ladies' Blue and White Zibeline Golf Capes, with deep capes, trimmed with plain cloth applique. Only \$12.00. Ladies' Fawn Camel's Hair Cloth Golf Capes, made with deep cape, Kimona collar, trimmed with cloth and satin applique, \$14.00.

WASH FABRIC DEPARTMENT

Announces Further Reduction in Prices. 38 Pieces Lancashire Muslins, in several choice shades. Worth 21c yard, but as we want to clear out the line we will sell it for, per yard, 6 1/2c. A special lot of Gingham, in light shades and select designs. Value 20c yard. Now selling at half price. Special lot of Scotch Dress Gingham, comprising all that is new and preferred in colors and designs. Value 19c yard. Now reduced to 10c. 110 Pieces Mousseline d'Alsace, Belgium Gingham and French Organdy Muslin. Regular values ranged from 38c to 45c yard. Now reduced to 15c. 75 Pieces Organdy and Chiffon Dress Muslins, in various select colorings. Values 46c to 55c yard. Reduced now to 38c.

An Advance Shipment of DRESS GOODS FOR THE FALL Season Just Passed Into Stock.

NEW WHITE FLAKED FALL SUITINGS—A peep at this line will acquaint you with the color trend for the coming season, 54 in. wide and the Sale Price at The Big Store, which, as usual, purchases extra value, will be, per yard, 69c. BASKET SUITING, in a choice range of the newest colorings. This fabric, too, is flaked with white, is 54 inches wide, and a weight suitable for Milady's Fall Costume. Per yard, 80c. Another Fabric in Black, Navy, Myrtle and Royal, which is relieved by White Pin Stripes, is 54 inches wide. Our Special Price, per yard, \$1.10. DRESS LENGTHS of various designs, destined to be popular fabrics, the color range embracing all the newest effects. Prices from \$7.20 to \$14.35.

S. GARSLEY Co. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street, Montreal.

Carpets in August

All purchasers during this usually dull month will receive special prices and inducements to furnish their homes in the dull season, and make this month lively at

THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

neurasthenic are of all persons the last who should seek relief from drugs or from alcohol. Their very disease predisposes them to drug addiction, and once having experienced the lethe which drugs may bring, only the most heroic exhibition of will-power—which, alas! they have not—can save them from thralldom. And yet these shattered nerves are calling only for rich red blood, for pure air, good food, and the healthful stimulus, without reaction, of the bath. The rest-cure for some, active exercise for others, will bring the reality of health, which drugging can only for a brief moment stimulate.

Dyspepsia and constipation, when due to stomach and intestines, or to deficient secretion of the digestive juices, or to a sluggish liver, are often miraculously relieved by properly directed physical exercises. The overfat, also are good subjects for "reducing cures" by dieting and exercise, and so are the gouty and those suffering in other ways from what is called, rightly or wrongly, the "uric-acid diathesis."

SLEEPING.—A lecturer on hygiene recently advised his hearers as to the proper position for sleeping. "Always lie on the right side," he said, "with legs stretched out full length, and arms rather close to the side of the body and straight down, or, if that is not comfortable, in any downward position. On no account clasp them above the head, which sometimes may seem restful at first. This position drives the blood away from the heart and sends it to the head, causing restlessness and uncomfortable dreams, even if it does not prevent sleep. The muscles of the face and neck should be relaxed—all muscles, indeed—to get real rest, and the mouth should be gently closed. The latter caution is emphasized for older women, who must combat a tendency growing with the years, to drop or protrude the jaw as the face is settling for sleep—a habit which leaves its imprint in waking hours."

PRESERVE JARS. — Housewives should not forget that the lids, rubbers, and fasteners of preserve jars, taken usually at preserving time from the top shelf of the kitchen closet, or some other not often invaded corner, should be sterilized before using. Mere washing is not enough. They should be put in a kettle or large pan, the vessel filled with cold water that is then brought to the hard boiling point over the fire. The cold water heated slowly soaks off any gummed preserve juice left from careless washing, and the later boiling sterilizes. Afterwards handle as little as possible with the hands, using a clean skimmer to slip the lids on the jars, and taking care that soiled kitchen towels do not undo the sterilizing work.

ABOUT TEETH.—Watch the child's teeth, have them regularly inspected by a competent dentist, and keep them in their places until these are usurped by the rightful permanent owners.

These little teeth should be kept clean and filled just as carefully as permanent teeth. One of the most obvious reasons is to spare a tiny child any unnecessary pain. One sleepless night spent in the care of a suffering child with the toothache is more than enough to convince a mother. Filling the tiny cavities that a dentist finds in such teeth does not give a child pain. The bit of soft filling stops the decay, and the tooth is thus kept in its position in the jaw until thrust out by nature. A child's first tooth should not be pulled until it fairly drops at the touch.

A Voice From The Tomb

By "CRUX"

ALTHOUGH it is a few days since the death of Leo XIII., the tomb, we think, is not yet closed. His encyclical letters are texts for future generations. Even now as we quote from his recently deposed, we feel that it is the tomb that speaks to us. The "Message" is a very apt and timely one from one of the most illustrious of the great Pontiffs. It serves well to be reproduced and commented upon. It would not be apparent to those who read the state of the world that precede it, and as marks are too lengthy for a synopsis of them.

In presence of the disbelievers driving into exile thousands of men and women, as done in France to-day, the very naturally arises as should be expedient, in that great liberty and of advancement to thus treat whiggations of men and women present the elite of the that has so long been in culture and Christianity. question of the Jacobin the French Deputies and eive the vague and verb that the reason lies "in of ideals, in the incomple the religious life and th it tends to develop, by its vows, its methods, its tions, with that type of which modern civilization oring to east in the masonry and the Revolutu the same question of Tru points to the opposition corrupted in sin, dominate cupidity and lust, to the God and the law of rest it imposes, in order to l the highest good and true If they have persecuted psecute you. If the wo you know ye that it hat before you. If you had world, the world would b but because ye are not o but I have chosen you o world, therefore the wo you."

This is a conflict that ceases since the first Heaven. The writer, from above is quoted, instance occasions when it has re ute stage. As when H plundered the monasteri pelled the monks; as wh attempted to nationalize education by means of th kampf. To-day Masonry ism are playing in Fran of Henry and the Iron the Priest of Doneraile "It is the desire to g Pagan license of life that root of all modern irrel that rage against Christ their apology in its rest down in their hearts is desire of unlimited licen when one comes to consi the one doctrine, or rath of the Church against Gentiles rage and the pe ete vain things, it is fo one word, Restraint! Co this cold discipline that the world, and still more, of those who in practisi have found the secret of happiness."

Leo XIII., in his beauti the Superiors of the Fre gations most clearly set contention. And it is to that letter that the writ article in question penned ments, and it is for the pose that we here repea brier space. These two words "Rest "Control" cover the ent What is the life of the we mean the religious co is based upon the restrai individual puts upon him control that the legitim ity has over his life and two words might well b in the one "Obedience," exactly in precept, at lea stand example they ten to the rising generation.

Emnants

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nd such values that will ent. r Cloth, with triple \$11.25

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y dull month will ts to furnish their is month lively at

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endency growing with the p or protrude the jaw

JARS. — Housewives get that the lids, rub-

It is the desire to get back to Pagan license of life that is at the root of all modern irreligion.

These two words "Restraint" and "Control" cover the entire ground.

Watch the child's em regularly inspected at dentist, and keep places until these are the rightful permanent

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A Voice From The Tomb.

By "CRUX"

ALTHOUGH it is scarcely a few days since the great Pontiff, Leo XIII., descended into the tomb, we already talk of him as though he had been long a figure in history. His great spirit lives on and will continue to affect the Church and the world.

In presence of the disbanding and driving into exile thousands of religious men and women, as we see it done in France to-day, the question very naturally arises as to why it should be expedient, in this age of great liberty and of advanced civilization to thus treat whole congregations of men and women who represent the elite of the nation that has so long been in the van of culture and Christianity.

This is a conflict that has been ceaseless since the first revolt in Heaven. The writer, from whom the above is quoted, instances modern occasions when it has reached an acute stage. As when Henry VIII, plundered the monasteries and expelled the monks; as when Bismarck attempted to nationalize religion and education by means of the Kulturkampf.

These two words "Restraint" and "Control" cover the entire ground. What is the life of the community, we mean the religious community? It is based upon the restraint that the individual puts upon himself and the control that the legitimate authority has over his life and actions.

friends of unbridled license cannot withstand. Before the discipline of restraint and the might of authoritative control their forces must go down. They can no more cope with them than the disunited hordes of savages can cope with the discipline of a regular military organization.

The authority of God, that of the Church, that of the ministers of the Church is what represents legitimate control. The obedience thereto of the faithful represents the safeguarding restraint that is inculcated by the orders. Hence the enmity of Socialism, of Masonry, of Infidelity, of Atheism.

What restraining does the life of the religious teach? That which man exercises over himself. Restraint of his passions, of his will, of the evil inclinations that are common to all humanity, of the ambitions that possess men's souls to their destruction.

When Taine, a non-Catholic, estimated the situation in France, he said that for France to do the work the religious have been doing gratuitously, the State would need to expend fully two hundred million dollars yearly.

"All those who have at heart the peace and prosperity of their country, are aware that there are no more honorable citizens, no more useful men, no more devoted patriots than the members of religious congregations, and they tremble at the thought of losing in you so many precious advantages which depend upon your existence. There are the throngs of the poor, the abandoned and unfortunate for whose sake you have founded and sustained every variety of establishment with supreme intelligence and admirable charity.

"Already in other acts we have made particular mention of all this. Let it suffice now to call attention to that splendid ardor with which these religious bodies follow, not only the direction, but the least expression of wish of the Vicar of Jesus Christ; undertaking every work which many contribute to the advantage of the Church and society whenever He indicates it; hurrying to the most un hospitable shores; braving every suffering and accepting death itself, as many have done in the most glorious manner in the recent upheavals in the empire of China.

"If among the dearest remembrances of Our Pontificate, we count the fact that by Our authority we have raised a great number of the servants of God to the honors of the altar, these remembrances are all the more dear to Us because the majority of these saints belong to religious orders, either as founders or as simple religious."

This voice from the other world, this statement of the immortal Pontiff, makes it clear that the Church and Christianity depend upon those orders as the battlements raised against an implacable enemy.

This warfare explains to a considerable extent the persecutions now being perpetrated against the Church, through the religious orders in France. We need not talk of the one man Combes—he is but an instrument in the hands of his masters, who have the "control" over him, and who permit him to enjoy a license from all "restraint" in his mad course.

CRUEL BACKACHES.

PAINS THAT MAKE THE SUFFERER'S LIFE MISERABLE

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Never Fail to Relieve, and Cures Ailments of this Kind.

Mrs. Walter Book, wife of the postmaster at Silverdale, is well known to all the residents of that locality, and the family is well known throughout Lincoln County where they have resided, and been identified with its history for four generations.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve tonic in the whole wide world. That is a fact beyond dispute—and it accounts for the fact that there is no corner in the whole civilized world where some sufferer has not been cured by building up the blood by these pills.

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government, such patents being secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

- 82,079—William Dickie, Campbellton, N. B. Shaft holder. 81,100—Herbert B. Fitzsimon, Wapella, Assa. Stove lid. 82,212—Joseph Laurin, Maisonneuve, Que. Oulsole seitching machine. 82,243—John McLean, Welwyn, Assa. Scrub-hook. 82,253—Emile Carpentier, St. Felix de Valois, Que. Gas generator. 82,289—Louis Rodier, St. Constant, Que. Process of boring wells. 82,300—Hormidas Hamel, Granby, Que. Peat machine. 82,308—Peter P. Penner, Cleveland, Ohio. Boat propelling and steering mechanism.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

AGRICULTURE.—Of all the letters I have that are appropriate for publication there are two or three that so affect Canadian affairs to-day that a couple of them may be of use to some of the readers. At a time, like the present, when "experimental farms" play such an important part in the agricultural administration, in both Federal and Local Governments, and when experts are employed to lecture on the various subjects of grain-raising, cheese-making, dairy production and suchlike, when we have agents sent at the country's expense to the different agricultural centres of Europe to study and report on methods there, it may be of great utility for the farmers, as well as for those who are busy in the work of educating the agricultural element in our population to know what practical farmers, over two-thirds of century ago had to say on the subject.

The first letter that I promise giving was written in 1837, and is from the pen of the man whose early writings gave subsequent men the idea of an Agricultural Department in the Government, and led to this system of educating the farming population.

If other men have since carried into practice the ideas of "Experimental Farms," and schools and lectures on agriculture, the ideas originated with the writer of this letter. And as an evidence that he was no mere theorist the practical results of his theories and of his practice are to be felt in Montreal to-day.

His name is William Evans, and he had written various works, in the thirties, such as "Treatise on Agriculture," and "Agricultural Improvement by the Education of those who are engaged in it as a Profession." This latter work is "addressed very respectfully, to the farmers of Canada." It was printed at the old "Courier" office, in Montreal in the fall of 1837. While others, with patriotic endeavor were seeking to obtain certain political rights, Ly means of the famous rebellion, nonetheless patriotically was Mr. Evans seeking to instil into the farming community high ideals, and impressing the country with the fact that farming is "a profession." And individually he was proving his theories by his own practical application of them. And, if I mistake not, he was the founder of the great agricultural and dairy business that bears the name of Evans to-day, and whose couriers go all over the city with the produce of their splendid establishment.

This letter is pretty long, but I feel that the interest it will create will compensate well for the space I occupy with it; and I am sure that both farmers and agriculturists will have a loftier idea of their "profession," and a clearer idea of the utility of an "education" than before they read it. As I stated, this letter is dated Montreal, the 9th October, 1837, and addressed to a Mrs. Fleming—unnecessary for me to say who she was, as possibly few to-day are alive who knew her. Read then this letter carefully, for it contains matter for reflection.

Montreal, 9th Oct., 1837.

"Dear Madam:

"The citizens of Montreal and Quebec appear to have been a good deal interested lately upon the subject of education. The excellent lectures of Dr. Barber have, I believe, increased this interest, and there is every reason to hope, that much good will be produced in consequence. Whether it is in contemplation to extend the benefits of education beyond the bounds of those cities. I am unable to say, and from this uncertainty, I am induced to address a book to the agricultural population, and endeavor to convince them, that if education is useful and necessary for the inhabitants of cities and towns, it will be found equally advantageous and pleasing for those in the country. I am sorry to say, there is practical proof in most countries, that education is not considered by ALL, to be essential to render every man competent for performing the part which he undertakes, or which his circumstances oblige him to perform in life, with advantage and satisfaction to himself and others. Hence it is that education is much neglected, and

from this cause agriculture must languish, and never will be in a flourishing condition, unless a larger proportion of the occupiers and cultivators of the soil are usefully and practically educated. There are many circumstances connected with agriculture, besides ploughing, sowing, planting, and harvesting, that require to be perfectly understood by the farmer, in order to ensure his success, and which an ignorant man never can understand. I would not continue a farmer 'for one day,' were I convinced that it required neither education nor science to practise my profession profitably. From my youth I have been taught to look upon the profession of a farmer, as above all other professions, and I confess this opinion has 'grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.' In the British Isles, I never heard this fact disputed. It is only when education is wanting that the profession is lowered in estimation. From the very nature of things agriculture being the source of all wealth, and more particularly so in Canada, why should education be less necessary for those who practise it than for the merchant, manufacturer, or shopkeeper, brewer, baker, and a host of other mechanics and trades people? To view the matter in another light, education increases knowledge, and knowledge gives power, which must be desirable, because it may be exercised advantageously in various ways. It then becomes a question of some consequence to ascertain how the power which knowledge confers is at present shared between the several classes which compose the population of Canada. I am sorry to say, that though the agricultural class forms a vast majority, that they are by no means educated in proportion to their numbers, compared with other classes; and that consequently, a minority possesses a predominating power and influence. There are various causes to which this state of things may be ascribed. It has often been to me a matter of regret that few of the young men educated in the colleges and seminaries of Canada, hitherto, have become farmers. I suppose they must have considered that were they to have settled on farms, their education would be of no value to them. They almost invariably apply themselves to the professions of lawyers, doctors, notaries, merchants, shopkeepers, or any other rather than agriculture. This is one that would appear to be looked upon as a degrading profession. Of course, exception is to be made in the case of students for the Church, whose calling is of a distinct character. How strangely do men differ in their estimation of things? The greatest men of former ages, and Washington, of our times, when they retired from public life, occupied themselves with husbandry, as the only employment fit for great men.

"How injudicious it must be that those who are best qualified to promote agricultural improvement, and raise the character of agriculturists, are withdrawn from that occupation, which ought to be honorable, and that station in society, where of all others, they might be most useful to the community. Farmers cannot occupy that high station they may and ought to do in British America, without sufficient education. It is this alone that is necessary to qualify them to fill this station, and remain in it. I will freely admit that a man may be well educated and not be a good farmer, because a practical knowledge of agriculture is necessary to constitute one. I am persuaded, nevertheless, that it will be difficult to find an uneducated man a good practical farmer, capable in all seasons, and in every circumstance, to make the most profitable use of his farm and opportunities. If education is necessary for men that are engaged in pursuits of infinity less consequence to the world than agriculture, how can it be dispensed with by the farmer.

"My object in this letter is to endeavor to engage the attention of all good people of influence to my work and the object of my work is to engage the attention of agriculturists, in particular, to the all-important subject of education. Without presuming to dictate, I shall simply submit for their consideration, in the clearest manner I am capable of, the advantages and pleasures that would be likely to result to them, and to the whole community, from the useful, practical and general education of the agricultural class. When I have done this, I shall next state what, in my humble judgment, is necessary to constitute this education, and how, subsequently to the period of leaving school, education may go on constantly, extending and improving their business as farmers. This latter point, I think it must be essential to prove, and I expect I shall be able to do so satisfactorily. If I shall be unable to accomplish what I undertake, I trust, however, that what I

may advance, will be the means of inducing those who are more competent to take the subject into consideration. I care not who the instrument if the good be done.

Yours respectfully,

WM. EVANS."

CATHOLICS COMING TO THE FRONT

On July 26th last, Rev. D. S. Phelan, LL.D., delivered a most powerful and highly instructive sermon upon "Trafficking for Eternal Life." In the course of it, after showing the natural desire of each one for a home on earth, and also the desire each should have for a home in heaven, the learned preacher made use of the following graphic language, in conveying a great truth:—

This unjust steward said, "To dig I am unable; to beg I am ashamed." This is the characteristic of all the enemies of God. They go down. This is the fate of all foes of the Catholic Church. They come to the ground. They deteriorate physically. They are sometimes bolstered up by a devilish pride and are unwilling to submit to the conditions of our common lot. They degenerate physically and cannot work; and they deteriorate morally, and are ashamed to perform the duties of a life. Herein lies a great principle. People wonder why it is that Catholics are always coming to the front. You cannot keep them back. It is not because of their numbers; it is not because of their education; it is not because of anything the world can understand. But in spite of adverse conditions Catholics are coming to the front everywhere. Catholics are advancing in power and influence in Protestant countries. Catholics are ruling England to-day. Catholics are ruling the German Empire. Catholics in this country have the upper hand. All the best offices, all the most far reaching influence, is exercised by Catholics in the world to-day; even in the Protestant world. And people wonder, and say, why, we thought we were rid of those Catholics. We provided that they should not get an education; we legislated against their schools; we legislated against their prosperity; we robbed them of their earthly goods; we devoted them to poverty and ignorance; and still in spite of everything they are coming to the front in everything, all the time, and everywhere.

"Well, brethren, it is this way. Men rise to prominence just as the waves rise out of the sea. They lift up their heads, make a little noise, a little froth, and disappear. And the history of the world is the history of the rise and fall of great names. Now, the world has the waves; but the Church has the sea. Men inspired by ambition, men desirous of making a name for themselves, rise as the waves, make a little noise and disappear; but beneath them all is the great, rolling sea of humanity; and this the Church possesses. The multitude are with the Church; the poor are with the Church; the great mass of humanity is with the Church. Therefore, when these waves drop out of sight, the great sea remains; and ever and anon from its bosom rise up new billows to challenge the attention of the world; and if there were no other law, this mere fact would guarantee to the Church the future."

There is something truly sublime in the consolation and encouragement that such thoughts and such sentiments impart. We need not dread decay, nor failure, nor poverty, nor reverse; after all they are but waves on the sea, and they are bearing us on to the haven where God stands awaiting us. Our health may give out, our money come to an end, our prospects vanish, our years pass away; but still are we drifting Godward and still have we the great consolation that Faith alone can impart. We have often good reason to feel sad, often great cause for worry; but our sadness should only be when we have lost opportunities of salvation, and our worry should only be for our own souls.

Examine the label on your paper, and assure yourself of your good standing with the "True Witness."

Behold, then, our mother, who invites us to have recourse to her, saying: "Whosoever is a little one, let him come to me."—St. Alphonsus.

The Lumberman's Thrilling Encounter.

Under the heading "The Capsuptic Panther: Thrilling Experience with a Man-hunter," a contributor to the "Field and Stream Magazine," tells the following story:—

It was night at Lower Metalluk—such a night as one can only know who has passed the month of August in the Maine woods. Overhead a myriad stars looked down upon us from the blue dome of the heavens, while the moon's bright crescent just rising above the tree-fringed hilltops to the east threw a flood of silvery radiance upon the sleeping waters of Metalluk and upon our white-tented encampment on its shores. Over all a deep silence rested, unbroken save by the occasional low cry of a night bird or the faint splash of a leaping fish on the pond.

Our little party, seven in all, sat grouped about the roaring blaze which arose from a great heap of spruce and hard-wood logs. Supper was just over, the necessary after duties completed, and we reclined upon the blankets spread on the ground, prepared to enjoy in unalloyed peace and contentment the hours before bedtime. In the front of the group, as near the blazing pile as the fierce heat allowed, sat young Mrs. Wilmont. At her feet reclined Henry Wilmont, her husband, his attention about divided between his pretty wife and a fragrant meerschaum pipe. Close by my friend McGrogger was entertaining the two girls, Marguerite and Claire, with some hair-raising tale of forest adventure; while over on the other side of the fire I listened with interest to the story of our guide George, of a big buck he had shot the previous fall on the slopes of Mount Escobos.

In the midst of the story he stopped abruptly, sat for a moment in a listening attitude, and said, "Someone is coming into the pond." At first I could hear the rhythmic thump of a paddle upon a canoe's side. It soon became evident that the voyager of the night, whoever he might be, was making in our direction, and presently his canoe shot into the freight and grated on the landing. George and I walked down to meet him, and as we approached we were pleased to find that our visitor was none other than big Percy Ridland, the Berlin Mills Company's timber cruiser, forest fire ward and camp watchman. Once or twice before he had passed the night with us, and his interesting personality, coupled with an almost endless repertoire of woodland tales drawn from more than twenty years of life and adventure in the great pine forests, made him an ever welcome guest. So when we drew near the fire he hailed with shouts of pleasure by the two girls, who had doubtless had quite enough of Fred's heroics and longed for something bearing at least a semblance to the truth.

However, as Ridland had paddled the twelve miles from the steamboat landing at the Lower Dam since mid-afternoon and had eaten nothing, supper was first in order for him, and George soon had a pan of savory trout on the rough table before him. These with the cold potatoes left from our late repast made as good a meal as the big woodsman asked, and he laughingly protested as much in answer to Marguerite's worried assertions that he had "nothing fit to eat." That young lady was only half satisfied, but seeing the rapidity and apparent gusto with which he put away the simple fare she finally became convinced, and remarked that "men must be different from other people, anyway."

"Now, Mr. Ridland, a story if you please," said Claire soon after our visitor had finished. "This is just the kind of night that makes one long for some thrilling woods tale." The whole party joined in the request, and Ridland, laughing good humoredly, stretched himself before the fire and prepared to indulge us. "Well," he said, "if you're not tired of my yarns, I guess I can keep on spinning them." We assured him as of one accord that we were far from being wearied by them, and Marguerite asserted with much warmth that she "could listen to them for ever," which raised a laugh at her expense. "All right," said Ridland, "if that is the sense of the meeting there's no getting out of it." Gazing with a reminiscent look into the blaze, he began:

"Eighteen years ago this fall, I think it was early in September, I

came up the Magalloway on a timber cruise with a gentleman named Hasbrook. He was a queer old fellow, sixty years of age or thereabouts. He wore a bushy gray beard, and I remember particularly a habit he had of stroking it as he talked. Eccentric in a good many ways, he was a good-hearted old chap withal, and easy enough to get on with when you understood him. He had an option on a big lot of pine over beyond Lincoln Pond, close to Cusuptic Stream on the east, and engaged me to explore it with him. That was before the dam was built at the head of the Falls, and of course there was no steamer on this part of the river, so we paddled up in my big eighteen-foot canoe. At that time the river was a good deal shallower than it is now, and there was a good bit of current all the way. We were pretty heavily loaded with provisions, tent, axes, blankets, cooking kit, and a lot of useless paraphernalia that the old fellow insisted on bringing, and as he wasn't much at paddling I had a pretty stiff job coming up. But we made out to reach Upper Metalluk the first day and camped where Shurtleff's camp now stands.

"Next morning I concealed the canoe and all the extra luggage in a thicket at the foot of a great old elm that grew some distance back from the pond and just at the edge of the thicker woods. Then I made a pack of our blankets, tent, provisions and a few dishes, and we set out on the trail toward Lincoln. I was obliged to leave my rifle with the canoe, as I had an axe to carry in addition to the heavy pack, and as old Hasbrook never carried a gun—he couldn't hit the woods at ten-foot range—we were unarmed, except for my big Colt's revolver, which I always had about me in those days.

"We stopped for dinner some miles beyond Lincoln Pond, and about four o'clock struck the western limit of Hasbrook's pine lots. It was virgin timber then, not a cut having been made there except by the axe of some stray hunter seeking wood for his campfire, and you may believe it was a fine sight. Hasbrook was well pleased, as well he might be, and as we made our way toward Cusuptic in search of a good camping ground and running water he showed his satisfaction more than once by exclaiming, 'Look at this old mammoth! Isn't he a beauty?' or 'Ha, Percy, what a stick that is! There's a four-horse load for you.' Usually the old fellow hadn't much to say, but he was an enthusiast on pine all right, and a pretty good judge of standing timber besides, as I soon found out.

"Toward sundown we struck the head-waters of a little brook that made its way down to Cusuptic on the east, and found a large spring of clear, cold water, while near by was an ideal camping spot, a little open space in the woods surrounded on all sides by the great pines and smaller growth trees. The old chap went into ecstasies over the place, and to tell the truth I wasn't at all sorry to find so good a camp ground ready to hand after backing the heavy pack all day. As we pitched the tent and made ready for supper I saw Hasbrook's true character for the first time. He seemed as happy as a boy on his first camping trip and flew around as though he had covered rods instead of miles since sun-up. He was a crank on the woods and no mistake. The very presence of the standing timber seemed to infuse a new spirit into him, and I could almost see him grow younger as he helped me make camp.

"That night he and I sat beside a fire just as we are doing now and talked pine, pine, until I was as drowsy as a great gray owl at noonday, and ready to fall asleep on my log. But the old fellow, possessed by the same excitement that had taken hold upon him from the moment we reached big timber, was as garrulous as a Canada jay, and chattered me awake just as I have seen a flock of these birds pestering a disgruntled old hooter. He reeled off story after story of different timber lots he had bought—how he had estimated them at so much and they had cut so and so, always a little more than his estimate. He must have been a rich old cove, for according to his tale he had lodged a good many hundred millions of pine and never got stuck on a trade. Finally, in one of the few stories that I managed to wedge in between his, I happened to mention a panther. Al Harvey and I had seen while exploring up above the lake three years before. Well, you should have seen the old fellow then! He contracted like a scared porcupine, and I could almost see his quills rising—on his head at least. He hadn't much more to say, and pretty quick he put off for the tent and bed. I could see he was thoroughly scared, and wondered about it some, but as I was glad enough of a chance to turn in I didn't ask any questions.

"Before he went to sleep he told me that his older brother, a lumber-

man like himself, had been killed by a panther when he was a youngster, and that he had felt a horror of the beast's very name ever since. 'For God's sake, Percy,' he said, 'don't mention panther to me again while we are up here, or you will have me making for the settlement at an Indian lope.' Well, I laughed a little to myself and thought I would be careful not to scare the old fellow again, for I wanted the job to last as long as possible. But I couldn't think that I knew a dead sure way to start him for bed in case of necessity. I didn't have to use it, though, for I think he never quite forgot the incident during the week that followed. At any rate he was always ready to turn in about as soon as it got dark in the trees back of the tent, and he made me keep a good fire going all night—for warmth so he said.

"We were four or five days exploring Hasbrook's option, and it turned out so well that he decided to look over some other lots farther north, and adjoining his original territory. He thought, I suppose, that if they were as good as the ones already covered he could afford to pay more for them than anyone else, and meant to be in a position to buy them if occasion offered. So we struck camp and moved a couple of miles above, pitching the tent on the west bank of Cusuptic at a place where a high, bare knoll gave a free view of the stream for a quarter of a mile in either direction. It wasn't so good a spot as the other, for there was no water except that from the river below us, but as we only expected to stay there a day or two at the most, we thought it would do.

"After the change we got in the habit of separating at the further limit of the land already explored, taking opposite courses at first and then working around in a sort of half circle till we finally met at or near a given spot. In this way we could cover about twice as much ground as when working together, for as but a short time remained before the expiration of his option, speed was becoming an object to my employer.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day we had reached a point a mile or more from camp, and the timber was still turning out well. Looking at his watch Hasbrook decided that we could go over one more small range before sundown, and indicating a particularly tall pine some distance ahead as a meeting point, he started on his circuit. Before disappearing he turned back and shouted, 'If you get a round first yod can go back to camp and get supper. I will follow you as soon as I finish.' So saying, he walked away, and I soon lost sight of him among the trees. Thinking it would be well to have supper all ready when he returned, I hurried as much as possible and got around to the big pine about half-past five. Hasbrook had not yet reached the spot, so after shouting to make sure he was not near by, I blazed the tree and returned to camp.

"A half hour later, as I was putting the finishing touches to the table, I heard, far up the stream, what I took to be the old fellow's voice shouting to me. Thinking he might have become a little turned around in the woods and was calling to me to get his bearings, I hallooed loudly in return. Immediately the cry was repeated, and this time there was something about it that gave me a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach. It seemed to be a human voice all right enough, but all the same there was a strange something in the sound that disturbed me. I kept on shouting at intervals, but for some time heard nothing more. Pretty soon, though, I heard something coming through the brush forty or fifty rods up river from where I stood, and in a minute I got an answer to my shouts. This time it was Hasbrook and no mistake, but I thought his voice had a queer sound, and from the racket he made I knew he was coming at a terrific rate—for him. Thinking something must be wrong, I started down the slope to meet him. When I got down into the woods I couldn't hear him so plainly, and mounting a log, I shouted, 'Hulloa, Mr. Hasbrook; where are you?'

"Well, I got an answer all right, but not the one I expected! From somewhere close at hand among the pines on my left arose such a cry as I had never heard before and hope never to hear again, at least not so close as that. It was such a sound as might come from a fiend of hell let loose on earth. Beginning with a low, deep, angry throat tone it rose by degrees to a shrill, quivering shriek as of anguish, trembling and pulsating on the air like the wall of a lost soul, then gradually subsiding again till at the last it ended suddenly with one long-drawn, savage yell that made one's flesh fairly creep.

"I was no youngster even then, and had been in the woods a good

number of years, but I am willing to admit that if there is such a thing as a man's hair standing, mine came pretty near getting on its feet. I only waited long enough to see Hasbrook coming on the jump from a different direction and to make sure he was unhurt, before taking a bee line back to the knoll. You may depend upon it I wasn't hankering after a hand-to-hand fight down there in the woods with the creature that had raised that cry.

"I didn't lose any time on the way, but the old fellow reached the opening ahead of me and raced up the knoll like a scared rabbit. When I reached the top he was sitting in the tent, the most abject picture of terror I ever saw. His breath came in short, wheezing gasps, his hat was gone, his eyes staring, and his face fairly livid with fear. Here and there little streams of blood trickled down his cheeks and forehead, speaking well for his headlong speed through and over all obstacles. It was some time before he got his breath enough to speak. When he finally did, he gasped, 'My God, Percy, did you see it?' 'No,' I answered, 'but I heard it, and that was bad enough.' He shuddered as if the horrid cry was even then ringing in his ears. A moment later we heard it again, but not as loud as before and apparently some way off. At the first sound the poor old chap fairly contracted with fear, and his features only relaxed when the last note had died away in the hills.

"After a while Hasbrook told his story, and I must say that as he went on I didn't wonder much at his fright, for it gave me a sort of cold shiver just to listen. It seems that on reaching the big pine he had seen a slight movement among the trees beyond, and thinking it might be me returning from my circuit, shouted to attract my attention. At the sound of his voice a great, yellow something leaped from the bushes to the trunk of a fallen tree within thirty yards of where he stood. He had just time to see that it was an enormous panther when the creature uttered a terrible scream that seemed to freeze his blood, and dropping to the ground came slowly toward him, its fierce yellow eyes watching his every movement. Then the old fellow did what I contend was a mighty brave thing. At any rate it probably saved him from an awful death. Instead of running he backed up against the big tree, and swinging his arms above his head raised a yell as loud as the panther's own, winding up with a series of unearthly howls that, I suppose, would have done credit to any Indian that ever lived. As soon as he could get his breath he repeated the performance, putting in a few extra quavers for luck.

"Well, that did the business for the beast, for at the old fellow's first screech it stopped short, looked behind it once as though half minded to run, and at the second whirled about and disappeared, with a couple of long springs, into the underbrush.

"Hasbrook didn't wait for it to come back, but started for camp on the double quick, increasing his speed, I guess, at every jump. For a while he didn't see anything of the panther, and thought he had frightened it away for good, but when he was about half way to camp he looked back just as he was crossing a thinly wooded spot, and there, a little to one side of his trail, was the great, tawny creature following him with long, easy, cat-like bounds. Pretty soon it gave a second yell, and a moment later still another. It was then that he began hallooing to me, and I suppose my answering shouts may have distracted the brute's attention somewhat. At all events it must have passed the old chap and made in my direction, for he saw or heard nothing more of it till it screeched again close beside me at the foot of the knoll.

"Not a bit of supper would the old fellow eat, though I had prepared the best the camp afforded. He had been hungry enough an hour before, but his appetite was clean scared out of him. I didn't put away a very big feed, either, for my own nerves had had quite a shaking, and seeing my companion's terror didn't help them any. I had to go down to the river with him while he washed away the blood, for he didn't dare go alone, and he kept looking over his shoulder all the time.

"It was now beginning to grow dark, and he made me collect nearly all our firewood into one enormous pile, simply keeping out enough to feed the blaze if it should burn down before morning. 'You can use it all,' he said. 'We set fire to the heap and we soon had a mighty blaze that put this one in the shade. Well, the old chap kept me awake all night long, urging me to punch up the fire or to put on fresh wood every time it showed signs of dying down. Sometime after midnight I heard a twig break in the woods below us, and a little later another

cracked in a different quarter. Hasbrook heard it, too, and his voice shook as he whispered, 'That's him. He is watching us.' I knew that he was right enough, and it gave me a sort of queer feeling to find that the varmint was travelling round and round the knoll, getting up courage to attack one of us if we should stray away from the fire. Once, on the side where the woods grew nearest the tent, I saw two bright spots that I took to be the creature's eyes, and fired my revolver at them, in hope of scaring it off. We heard it bound away for a short distance in the underbrush, but it soon came back and began its patrol of the camp again. The thing stayed about until an hour or so before daylight, when it must have sneaked away, as we heard nothing more of it."

"During Ridland's description of this night I caught more than one of our party, myself included, glancing nervously behind them as if half expecting to see the creature of his story. He noticed it, also, and smiled a little as he went on. "Some of the old fellow's courage seemed to come back with the sun, for he managed to eat a little in the morning. But he was just as anxious to leave as ever, and had me strike the tent the moment breakfast was over. He had forgotten pine and everything else but putting miles between him and that panther. As soon as we left the knoll and got down into the deep woods all his fears came back, and he followed at my heels as closely as a dog, peering over his shoulder every other minute.

"We struck a pretty good pace and reached Lincoln Pond without seeing or hearing anything out of the ordinary. But I had a feeling I couldn't shake off that somewhere back toward Cusuptic a sneaking, tawny thing was creeping like a shadow on our trail. And near the pond I saw something that set me thinking pretty hard and made the feeling almost a certainty. There had been no rain since we passed the place before, over a week earlier, and our tracks still showed quite plainly in the soft mud by the water's edge. What startled me was seeing, close beside them, another track like that of a large dog that followed along all the way from where the footprints left the forest until they entered it again and were lost. Luckily my companion didn't notice the tracks, being too busy looking into the brush to waste any time on the ground, and I was glad of it, for he was badly enough scared as it was. So I said nothing, but I got to looking for those tell-tale tracks every time we came to a soft spot in the trail, and whenever our own tracks showed I found them, following always.

"I began figuring it out as we traveled, and I made up my mind that the creature had followed us all the way from Upper Metalluk to Cusuptic, and had hung around waiting to catch one of us alone and unawares. It wasn't very pleasant to think of the thing shadowing us all that time and we never suspecting it was about. I took to watching the woods on both sides of the trail and listening pretty closely myself, and it wasn't long before I heard a dry branch crack off to our right. The old fellow heard it all right, too, and said in a scared voice that was almost a whisper, 'He's following us yet. I knew it.' He quickened his pace and almost trod on my heels. I tried to quiet him by saying that the brute wasn't within ten miles of us, but I could see he didn't believe it any more than I did, for after that he looked behind him more than ever.

About two miles from Upper Metalluk the trail, after passing over a low ridge, wound down into a thinly-wooded valley, followed it perhaps an eighth of a mile, then climbed to the top of a second hill, from which point it descended gradually to the pond. We had crossed the valley and were just topping the second height of land when Hasbrook behind me uttered a frightened exclamation. 'Look, Percy,' he cried, 'Look there, quick!' I whirled about to see him pointing him outstretched arm, back across the valley. 'There,' he said, 'on the other hill-top. Don't you see it?' Following the direction of his shaking finger I saw, just for a single moment, at the point where the trail crossed the first ridge, a quick movement among the brakes as of some yellow thing making off. But it might have been a fox for aught I could tell, and I asked, 'What was it? Did you make it out?' 'The panther,' he answered, 'I saw its head and shoulders plainly. It was watching us above the ferns.' The old fellow was so worked up that, but for the instant's glimpse I had got of the thing, I should have thought he imagined it all. 'Come,' he said, 'let's get out of this accursed place.' Slipping by me in the path he started off ahead at a pace that was almost a trot. I lengthened my strides and followed him as best I could with my heavy

load. But excitement and loss of sleep had told on the old chap, and he soon slowed down to a moderate gait.

"Well, panther or no panther, the thing kept well out of sight after that, and in less than thirty minutes we came out upon the shore of the pond. Hasbrook heaved a big sigh of relief when he saw the water glistening through the trees, and I guess breathed freely for the first time in about twenty-four hours. He grew almost cheerful as we left the woods and headed for the thicket where the canoe and other truck were hidden. I own that I felt a little easier in my own mind, for the old fellows antics had kept me pretty well on edge, too.

"The pond was as calm as a mill-pond when we approached it, and it would be hard to imagine a more peaceful scene. A trout leaped upon its smooth surface as we drew near, and down in the bay at the lower end a deer was feeding quietly among the lily pads. Nothing seemed farther away than danger of any kind, and I felt like laughing at my nervousness of a few minutes before. Perhaps knowing that I was almost within reach of my good rifle, which I had been wishing for all day, had something to do with it.

"On reaching the thicket I unslung the big pack and straightened up for an instant to relieve my aching back and shoulders. I don't know to this day why I looked upward as I did so. It may have been only chance, or perhaps it was some sudden instinct of danger. I have read of such things and half believe in them. At any rate I threw my head back and looked up into the green top of the big elm, and something I saw there almost caused my heart to stop beating. Hanging from one of the lower limbs directly over my head and perhaps thirty feet from the ground was a long, thin, slim, snaky, brown object that whipped convulsively to and fro among the leaves. I knew what it was even before my eyes had followed it upward and made out, stretched at full length upon the limb, the lean, yellow body of the panther. It was so flattened out that it appeared almost a part of the tree, but that cat-like movement of the tail gave it away.

"For a minute I was simply frozen with surprise and fear. I was so scared that I couldn't think, and just stood staring at the creature as if fascinated. Then I pulled myself together and did the one thing I could do under the circumstances. If I turned to go away I felt sure the thing would pounce upon me. So, dropping my eyes and trying to appear as if I had not seen it, I moved toward the canoe, which lay over-turned a few feet away. If I could reach that and get my rifle from under it, there was a chance of killing the creature before it leaped. Every second I expected to hear the sound of its falling body, or to feel its teeth and claws in my back. I think the cold chills ran through me at the rate of a thousand a minute. But I reached the canoe in safety, and stooping down, was just raising it with one hand while I reached for my rifle with the other, when a terrified yell from behind me told that Hasbrook had discovered the panther. I knew that settled it, and grabbing the gun, which I had left loaded, I threw a shell into the barrel, quicker than I ever did before or since. Then I straightened up and looked for the panther.

"I was none too soon. Its lithe body was just gathering itself for a spring, its fierce greenish yellow eyes fixed not upon me but upon Hasbrook, who stood transfixed with horror, his eyes almost starting from his head. Throwing the rifle to my shoulder I took a quick aim behind the creature's ear and fired. And as soon as I could work the lever I gave it another, shooting at random through the smoke. I guess the second bullet was in the air by the time the first one struck, for I was just about scared enough to shoot live a Gatling. At once there was a terrible scratching and clawing up above, and a sort of coughing moan as though a yell had been stopped half way, and the next minute I saw the thing falling through the smoke.

"I thought my time was up then, for I wasn't half sure either of my bullets had hit. But I jumped to one side for all there was in me, thinking I might avoid the brute long enough to get in one more shot. I shouldn't have had time, though, for it landed close beside me—so close that I felt the wind from its body as it fell. But the creature never stirred after it struck the grouse's legs and tail. It was 'deader' than a door-nail before it left the limb, for by a lucky chance my first shot had gone true and the great 45.70 had crashed through its brain at the base of the skull.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)



CHAPTER XXXII.

"Charles, my dear sister in a tone of

strange, while she laid on his shoulder.

"Well, Mary, I will you like. Heaven know it to direct myself, no are you returned? I wrote you word to conclude the Christmas did not think you would mournful a home to come?"

"You forget, Charles, Kyrle a while ago," O'Connell.

"Did I, I had forgotten Mr. Daly tossing extended his hand to burst into tears. Kyrle do so. He passed his aunt, and entered the house now deserted. He

was now deserted. He a small table before the leaning on his elbow, looking on the face of the river.

try tide was flowing again and darkening glare, and of boats with close-reared black hulls, heeling through waves; the sky was low the hills of Cratloe rose on the other side in all their blinding wilderness of attire.

wind stirred the dry woodhills that covered the cottage, and every landscape seemed to wear a face of dreariness and disaffection. Not a single sound of sorrow, by him to the general household. He never before tried by an occasion of and his present apathy with alarm and astonishment listened to the wailings of men and children, and the moistened faces of hurried past his chair from time, until he began to

self of want of feeling and while he sat thus slyly was opened and a low thrush in his head to it that the family were saying a litany in the of Kyrle rose, and proceeded without reply or question Lowry oppressed with grief his retreat into the kitchen he was met by the nurse, him for some half-pence, might lay them, according to, on the lips and eyes corpse.

"I didn't like," she said, "tazing any o' the family an' they in trouble."

"Surely, surely," said while he searched his pocket coin. "Ah, nurse! so that ye let her go between ye! toora, Mrs. Daly! an' lost the good mistress in day! Soft and pleasant in Heaven this night! A will. You never refused hungry here, an' God fuse to feed you where you You never turned the poor house in this world, won't turn you out of his the other. Soft and please your bed in Heaven this night! Daly! Winnie, eroo, was was telling me that the three first childer died at one Winnie was sitting beside, dandling the now for the infant in her arms, and with an ancient ditty, of following beautiful fragments the burthen:—

"Gilli beg le m' onum thu Gilli beg le m' chree! Coth yan me von gilli beg N' heur ve thu more a cre

"My soul's little darling y heart's little darling! What will I do without my darling, When you're grown up and

"They did," she said, in to Lowry's question, "all be North-aist went off so they were wained."

"See that!" said Lowry cried—I wasn't in the family but still I know she cried for every one o' them. An it is now—she has them the angels waitin' to receive the gate of Heaven this day. the money, nurse, an' I will

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

"Charles, my dear Charles!" said this sister in a tone of gentle remonstrance, while she laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Well, Mary, I will do whatever you like. Heaven knows I am not fit to direct myself, now. Ha! Kyrie, are you returned? I remember I wrote you word to come home to conclude the Christmas with us. I did not think you would have so mournful a home to come to. When did you come?" "You forget, Charles, that you saw Kyrie a while ago," said Mrs. O'Connell. "Did I, I had forgotten it," returned Mr. Daly tossing his head. He extended his hand to Kyrie and burst into tears. Kyrie could not do so. He passed his father and aunt, and entered the parlor which was now deserted. He sat down at a small table before the window, and leaning on his elbow, looked out upon the face of the river. The wintry tide was flowing against a sharp and darkening gale, and a number of boats with close-reefed sails and black hulls, heeling to the blast, were beating through the yellow waves; the sky was low and dingy; the hills of Cratloe rose on the other side in all their bleak and barren wildness of attire. A harsh wind stirred the dry and leafless woodbines that covered the front of the cottage, and every object in the landscape seemed to wear a character of dreariness and discomfort. Here he remained for several hours in the same dry and stolid mood of reflection. Not a single tear, not a single sound of sorrow, was added by him to the general clamour of the household. He never before had been tried by an occasion of this nature, and his present apathy filled him with alarm and astonishment. He listened to the wallings of the women and children, and he looked on the moistened faces of those who hurried past his chair from time to time, until he began to accuse himself of want of feeling and affection. While he sat thus silent, the door was opened and Lowry Looby thrust in his head to inform him that the family were assembled to say a litany in the other room. Kyrie rose, and proceeded thither without reply or question, while Lowry oppressed with grief, made his retreat into the kitchen. Here he was met by the nurse, who asked him for some half-pence, that she might lay them, according to custom, on the lips and eyes of the corpse. "I didn't like," she said, "to be tazing any o' the family about it, an' they in trouble."

coin of it was good for the use you're going to make of it." The nurse left the kitchen, and Lowry took his seat upon the settle-bed, where he remained for some time, looking downwards and striking the end of his walking stick against the floor gently and at regular intervals. The crying of the child disturbed his meditations, and he frequently lifted his head and stared with a look of stern remonstrance at the unconscious innocent. "The Lord forgive you, you little disciple!" said Lowry, "'tis little you know what harm you done this day! Do all you can—grow up as fine as a queen, an' talk like an angel—'twill set you to fill up the place o' the woman, you took away from us this day. Howl your tongue, again I tell you, 'tis we that have reason to cry, an' not you." The news of this unexpected visitation became diffused throughout the country with a speed resembling that of sound itself. Friend after friend dropped in as evening fell, and the little parlor was crowded before midnight. It was a dreadful night without, the same (it will be remembered) on which Eily O'Connor left the cottage in the Gap. The thunder clattered close over head, the rain fell down in torrents, and the reflection of the frequent lightning flashes danced upon the glasses and bowl, around which the company were seated in the parlor. It was yet too soon for the report to have reached the ears of the real friends of the family, whose condolence might have been more efficacious than that of the humbler crowd of distant relatives and dependents who were now assembled in the house of mourning. Kyrie considered this, and yet he could not avoid a certain dreary and desolate feeling, as he looked round upon the throng of persons by whom the hearth was girded. But though he could not receive from them the delicate condolence which his equals might have afforded, their sympathy was not less cordial and sincere. The night passed away in silence and watching. A few, conversed in low whispers, and some pressed each other by signs, to drink; but this courtesy was for the most part declined by a gathering of the brows and a shake of the head. The gray and wintry morning found the dwelling thronged with pale, unwashed and lengthened faces. Others thronged the room of death, where an early Mass was celebrated for the soul of the departed. At intervals a solitary cry of pain and grief was heard to break from some individual of the crowd, but it was at once repressed by the guests with low sounds of anger and surprise. The family were silent in their woe, and it was thought daring in a stranger to usurp their prerogative of sorrow. The arrivals were more frequent in the course of the second evening, and a number of gigs, carriages, and outside jaunting-cars, were laid by in the yard. No circumstances could more fully demonstrate the estimation in which this family was held, than the demeanor of the guests as they entered the house. Instead of the accustomed ceremonials which friends use at meeting, they recognized each other in silence and with reserve, as in a house of worship. Sometimes a lifting of the eyelid and a slight elevation of the hand, expressed their dismay and their astonishment; and if they did exchange a whisper it was only to give expression to the same feeling. "It was a dreadful loss! Poor man! What will become of the children?" About nightfall on the second evening, Kyrie was standing at the window of the room in which the corpse was laid out. The old nurse was lighting the candles that were to burn on either side of the death-bed. The white curtains were festooned with artificial roses, and a few were scattered upon the counterpane. Kyrie was leaning with his arm against the window-sash, and looking out upon the river, when Mrs. O'Connell laid her hand upon the shoulder. "Kyrie," said she, "I wish you would speak to your father, and make him go to bed to-night. It would be a great deal too much for him to go without rest the two nights successively." "I have already spoken to him, aunt, and he has promised that he will retire early to his room. We ought to be all obliged to you, aunt,

for your attention; it is in conjunctures like this that we discover our real friends. I am only afraid that you will suffer from your exertions. Could you not find somebody to attend to the company to-night, while you are taking a little rest?" "Oh! I am an old nurse-tender," said Mrs. O'Connell. "I am accustomed to sit up. Do not think of me, Kyrie." She left the room, and Kyrie resumed his meditative posture. Up to this moment he had not shed a single tear, and the nurse was watching him, from time to time, with an anxious and uneasy eye. As he remained looking out, an old man dressed in dark frieze, and with a stooping gait, appeared upon the little avenue. The eye of Kyrie rested on his figure, as he walked slowly forward, assisting his aged limbs with a seasoned blackthorn stick. He figured, involuntarily, to his own mind, the picture of this poor old fellow in his cottage, taking his hat and stick, and telling his family that he would "step over to Mrs. Daly's wake." To Mrs. Daly's wake! His mother, with whom he had dined on the Christmas Day just past, in perfect health and security! The incident was slight, but it struck the spring of nature in his heart. He turned from the window, threw himself into a chair, extended his arms, let his head hang back and burst at once into a loud and hysterical passion of grief. Instantly the room was thronged with anxious figures. All gathered around his chair with expressions of compassion and condolence. "Come out—come out into the air, Master Kyrie," said the nurse, while she added her tears to his. "Don't, a'ra gal. Don't now, asthora ma chree. Oh! then, 'tis little wonder you should feel your loss." "Kyrie," said Mrs. O'Connell, in a voice nearly as convulsive as his when she sought to comfort, "remember your father, Kyrie; don't disturb him." "Let me alone—oh, let me alone, aunt Mary," returned the young man waving his hands, and turning away his head in deep suffering. "I tell you I shall die if you prevent me." And he abandoned himself once more to a convulsive fit of weeping. "Let him alone, as he says," whimpered old Winny. "I'm sure I thought it wasn't natural he should keep it on his head so long. It will do him good. Oh, vo! vo! it is a frightful thing to hear a man crying." Suddenly Mr. Daly appeared amid the group. He walked up to Kyrie's chair and took him by the arm. The latter checked his feelings on the instant, and arose with a calm and ready obedience. As they passed the foot of the bed, the father and son paused, as if by a consent of intelligence. They exchanged one silent glance, and then flinging themselves each on the other's neck, they wept long, loudly, and convulsively together. There was no one now to interfere. No one dared at this moment to assume the office of comforter, and every individual acted the part of a principal in the affliction. The general wail of sorrow which issued from the room was once more echoed in the other parts of the dwelling and the winds bore it to the ear of Hardsress Cregan, as he approached the avenue.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW HARDRESS MET A FRIEND OF EILY'S AT THE WAKE.

He entered the house with that species of vulgar resolution which a person feels who is conscious of deserving a repulse and determined to outface it; but his bravery was wholly needless. Poor Kyrie was busy now with other thoughts than those of Cregan's treachery. He was shown into the parlor, in which the gentlemen were seated round the fire, and listening to the mournful clamour which yet had hardly subsided in the distant room. The table was covered with decanters of wine, bowls of whisky-punch and long glasses. A large turf fire blazed in the grate, and Lowry Looby was just occupied in placing on the table a pair of plated candlesticks almost as long as himself. Mr. Barnaby Cregan, Mr. Connolly, Doctor Leake, and several other gentlemen, were seated at one side of the fire. On the other stood a vacant chair, from which Mr. Daly had been summoned a few minutes before by the voice of his son in suffering. A little farther back, on a row of chairs which was placed along the wall, the children were seated—some of them with countenances dejected, and a few of the very youngest appearing still more touchingly unconscious of their misfortune. The remainder of the circle, (which, though widened to the utmost limit, completely filled the room) consisted of the more fortuneless connections of the family, their tradesmen and some of the more comfortable class of tenants. One or two persons took upon themselves the office of attending to the company, supplying them with liquor, and manufacturing punch, according as the fountain was exhausted. When Hardsress appeared at the door, his eye met that of Connolly, who beckoned to him in silence, and made room for him upon his own chair. He took his place, and looked around for some members of the family. It was perhaps, rather to his relief than disappointment that he could not discern Kyrie Daly or his father among the company. Shortly afterwards two or three clergymen made their appearance, and were with difficulty accommodated with places. While Hardsress was occupied in perusing the countenances of these last, he felt his arm grasped, and turning round, received a nod of recognition, and a handshake (such as was then in fashion) from Dr. Leake. "A dreadful occasion this, doctor," whispered Hardsress. The doctor shut his eyes, knit his brows, thrust out his lips, and shook his head with an air of deep reproof. Laying his hand familiarly on Hardsress's knee, and looking fixedly on his face, said: "My dear Cregan, 'tis a warning; 'tis a warning to the whole country. This is what comes of employing unscientific persons." Some whispering conversation now proceeded amongst the guests, which, however, was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Kyrie Daly at the parlor-door. He walked across the room with that port of mournful, ease and dignity which men are apt to exhibit under any deep emotion, and took possession of the vacant chair before alluded to. Not forgetful in his affliction of the courtesy of a host, he looked around to see what new faces had entered during his absence. He recognized the clergyman, and addressed them with a calm, yet cordial politeness. "I hope," he said, smiling courteously, yet sadly, as he looked upon the circle; "I hope the gentleman will excuse my father for his absence. He was anxious to return, but I prevented him. I thought a second night's watching would have been too severe a trial for his strength." A general murmur of assent followed this appeal, and the speaker, resting his forehead on his hand, was silent for an instant. "I wish you would follow his example, Kyrie," said Mr. Cregan. "I am sure we can all take care of ourselves, and you must wait rest." "It is madness," said Connolly, "for the living to injure their health, when it can be of no possible use." "Pray, do not speak of it," said Kyrie; "if I felt in the least degree fatigued, I should not hesitate, Lowry," he added, calling to his servant, who started and turned round on his heel, with a serious eagerness that would at any other time have been comic in its effect. "Lowry, will you tell Mrs. O'Connell to send in some tea? Some of the gentlemen may wish to take it." Lowry disappeared, and Kyrie relapsed into his attitude of motionless dejection. A long silence ensued, the guests conversing only by secret whispers, signs and gestures, and significant contortions of the face. It was once more broken by Kyrie, who, looking at Mr. Cregan, said, in a restrained and steady voice: "Has Hardsress returned from Killarney yet, Mr. Cregan?" Hardsress felt his blood rush through his veins, like that of a convict when he hears from the bench those fearful words: "Bring him up for judgment!" He made a slight motion in his chair, while his father answered the question of Kyrie. "Hardsress is here," said Mr. Cregan; "he came while you were out."

"Here! is he? I ought to be ashamed of myself," said Kyrie rising slowly from his chair, and meeting his old friend half-way with an extended hand. They looked to the eye of the guests, pale, cold, and passionless like two animated corpses. "But Hardsress," continued Kyrie, with a ghastly lip, "will excuse me, I hope. Did you leave Mrs. Cregan well?" "Quite well," muttered Hardsress, with a confused bow. "I am glad of it," returned Kyrie, in the same tone of calm, dignified, and yet mournful politeness. "You are fortunate, Hardsress, in that. If I had met you yesterday, I would have answered a similar question with the same confidence. And see how short—" A sudden passion choked his utterance, he turned aside, and both the young men resumed their seats in silence. There was something to Hardsress infinitely humiliating in this brief interview. The manner of Kyrie Daly, as it regarded him, was merely indifferent. It was not cordial, for then it must necessarily have been hypocritical, but neither could he discern the slightest indication of a resentful feeling. He saw that Kyrie Daly was perfectly aware of his treason; he saw that his esteem and friendship were utterly extinct; and he saw, likewise, that he had formed the resolution of never exchanging with him a word of explanation or reproach, and of treating him in future as an indifferent acquaintance, who could not be esteemed, and ought to be avoided. This calm avoidance was the stroke that cut him to the quick. Lowry now entered with tea, and a slight movement took place amongst the guests. Many left their places, and order being restored, Hardsress found himself between two strangers, of a rank more humble than his own. He continued to sip his tea for some time in silence, when a slight touch on his arm made him turn round. He beheld on his right an old man dressed in dark frieze, with both hands crossed on the head of his walking-stick, his chin resting upon them, and his eye fixed upon Hardsress, with an air of settled melancholy. It was the same old man whose appearance in the avenue had produced so deep an effect on Kyrie Daly—Mihil O'Connor, the rope-maker. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said gently; "but I think I have seen your face somewhere before now. Did you ever spend an evening at Garryowen?" If, as he turned on his chair, the eye of Hardsress had encountered that of the corpse which now lay shrouded and confined in the other room, he could not have experienced a more sudden revulsion of affright. He did not answer the question of the old man (his father-in-law! the plundered parent!) but remained staring and gaping on him in silence. Old Mihil imagined that he was at a loss, and laboring to bestir his memory. "Don't you remember, sir," he added, "on a Patrick's Eve, saying an old man and a girl from a parcel o' the boys in Mungret Street?" "I do," answered Hardsress in a low and hoarse voice. "I thought I remembered the face and the make," returned Mihil. "Well, sir, I'm that same old man, and many's the time, since that night that I wished (if it was Heaven's will) that both she and I had died that night upon the spot together. I wished that when you seen us that time you passed us by and never riz a hand to save us—always if it was Heaven's will, for I'm submissive; the will of Heaven be done, for I'm a great sinner, and I deserve great punishment, and great punishment I got; great punishment that's laid on my old heart this night!" "I pity you!" muttered Hardsress, involuntarily. "I pity you, although you may not think of it." "For what?" exclaimed the old man still in a whisper, elevating his person and planting the stick upright upon the floor. "For what would you pity me? You know nothing about me, man, that you'd pity me for. If I was to tell you my story, you'd pity me I know; for there isn't the man living, with a heart in the breast that wouldn't feel it. But I won't tell it to you, sir. I'm tired of telling it, that's what I am. I'm tired of talking of it, an' thinking of it, an' dreaming of it, an' I wish I was in my grave, to be done with it for ever as a story—always, always," he added, lifting his eyes in devout fear—"always, if it was Heaven's will. Heaven forgit me! I say that I oughtn't to say, sometimes, thinkin' of it." "I understand," muttered Hardsress incoherently. The old man did not hear him. "An' still, for all," Mihil added, after a pause, "as I spoke of it at all, I'll tell you something of it. That girl you saw that night with me—she was a beautiful little girl, sir, wasn't she?"

"Do you think so?" Hardsress murmured, still without knowing what he said. "Do I think so?" echoed the father with a grim smile. "It's little matter what her father thought. The world knew her for a beauty, but what was the good of it? She left me there; after that night, an' went off with a stranger." Hardsress again said something, but it resembled only the delirious murmurs of a person on the rack. "Oh, vo, Eily! that night, that woeful night!" continued the old man. "I'm ashamed o' myself, to be always this way, like an old woman, moaning and ochoning among the neighbors; like an old goose, that would be cackling after the flock, or a fool of a little bird, whistling upon a bough of a summer evening, after the nest is robbed." "How close this room is!" said Hardsress; "the heat is suffocating." "I thought at first," continued Mihil, "that it is dead she was, but a letter came to a neighbor o' mine to let me know that she was alive and hearty. I know how it was. Some villian that enticed her off. I sent the neighbor westwards to look after her, an' I thought he'd be back to-day, but he isn't. I told him at call to my brother's the priest's, in Castle Island. Sure, he writes me word, he seen her himself of a Christmas Day last, an' that she told him she was married and coming home shortly. Aye, I'm afraid the villian deceived her, an' that she is not rightly married; for I made it my business to inquire of every priest in town and country, an' none of 'em could tell me a word about it. She deceived me, and I'm afeard here's deceavin' her. There let him! there let him! But there's a throne in Heaven, and there's One upon it, an' that man, an' my daughter, an' I will stand together before that throne one day!" "Let me go!" cried Hardsress aloud, and breaking from the circle with violence. "Let me go! Let me go!—can any one bear this?" Such an incident, amid the general silence, and on this solemn occasion, could not fail to produce a degree of consternation amongst the company. Kyrie looked up with an expression of strong feeling. "What's the matter?" "What has happened?" was asked by several voices. "It is highly indecorous." "It is very unfeeling," was added by many more. Hardsress stayed not to hear their observations, but struggled through the astonished crowd, and reached the door. Kyrie, after looking in vain for an explanation, once more leaned down with his forehead on his hand and remained silent. "He's a good young gentleman," said Mihil O'Connor, looking after Hardsress, and addressing those who sat around him. "I was telling him the story of my daughter. He's a good young gentleman—he has great nature." (To be continued.)

HARD ON THE BABIES.

One of the first effects of a hot wave, particularly in towns and cities, is a pronounced increase in the number of deaths of infants. Even in the open country the suffering of the helpless little ones would move the hardest heart. Stomach trouble and diarrhoea are the foes most to be dreaded at this time and every mother should appreciate the necessity of careful diet and attention at the first sign of these troubles. Medicine should never be given to check diarrhoea except upon the advice of a physician. A diet limited almost entirely to boiled milk and the use of Baby's Own Tablets will cure almost any case and keep baby in health. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, of Kingston, Ont., writes:— "When my little girl was about three months old she suffered with vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly. I did not find any medicine that helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. After giving her the Tablets the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. Since then whenever her stomach is out of order she is constipated we give her the Tablets, and the result is always all that we desire. They are the very best medicine I have ever used for a child."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent postpaid, at twenty-five cents a box by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Have you paid your annual subscription to the "True Witness"?

Human Ills Increasing.

(By an Occasional Correspondent.)

Are "the ills that flesh is heir to" increasing in the world? If we are to take statistics it would certainly seem so. And if we seek for the causes we find them in man and society. We were struck with this thought recently when going over the report of the English Lunacy Commission. It would serve a country well were its legislators to carefully study such subjects as these, and to make every effort to efface the obvious causes of the misfortunes that fall upon the people. Of all the afflictions in life, it seems to us that none is sadder or more to be dreaded than the loss of the mental faculties. Yet how near every human being is to that terrible precipice scarcely any one can imagine. We think of life, our corporal life, and we avoid as much as possible accidents and all other menaces to its existence; but rarely do we reflect upon the very thin partition that divides sanity from insanity. We read of a learned and most gifted man suddenly becoming a lunatic; the thin partition has been penetrated, possibly by an over-exertion of a mind that has been normally sane. In other words, the brightest intellect is in the keeping of God, and He, in a moment, can fling over it a cloud out of which only death can ever rescue it. And then how sad the spectacle of man reduced to the level of unintelligent beings, vacillating between the dignity of a mind derived from God and the degradation of passions participated with the brutes. In going over that report it has dawned upon us that there is surely a possibility of finding some means whereby the sources of that fearful malady can be diminished.

In 1859, in England, only one in 536 of the people could be classed as a lunatic; in 1903 the proportion is one in every 293 of the population. And the increase goes on. In dealing with the causes, we learn that intemperance accounts for 23 per cent. amongst males, and 9 per cent. amongst females. Heredity accounts for 25 per cent. amongst males, and for 19 per cent. amongst females.

We need not trouble ourselves with the other causes, as these two are the principal. Heredity is therefore the greater of the two; and how is that to be checked? The problem is one that well deserves careful study. In the first place there is considerable of a safeguard for Catholics in the fact that the rules of the Church are very strict concerning parents and their duties towards their children in matters regarding marriage. But the world is not all Catholic, and all Catholic parents are not exact in the fulfilment of their duties in this connection. There should be a system of some kind established, which, while carefully avoiding, any infringement upon the liberty and rights of citizens, might help to curtail the number of marriages between people known to have insanity, or a strain of it, in their families.

This, however, is a very delicate matter, and one not at all easy to manage. It would need very wise and very careful consideration. But the other source, that of intemperance in drink, comes within the range of almost every influence that is exercised for good. The preacher, the parent, the employer, the legislator, all may have a part in that work. We see that with females lunacy due to this cause of drink is of a very low percentage—only nine—and the wonder is that it is not greater, for drinking habits are becoming wofully frequent amongst women in modern days. But it is in men that this cause of mental ruin is the most frequent. Possibly because men who are given to drink have more opportunities of going to ruin than have their female relatives. But 23 per cent. is a large proportion; and they tell us that it is on the increase. It is true that there is a small percentage of lunacy due to business troubles, but these can also be generally traced to drink. Consequently to decrease lunacy, and to save the coming generations, it is necessary to increase every effort and every means to combat intemperance; and the first of all means is to have the youth, even in tender years, take a pledge of total abstinence; add to that prayer for God's grace.

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A Great Catholic Journalist Dead.

It was on the 13th July last, the feast of St. Anthony, that the soul of the late Denis Lane, the founder, owner, editor and guiding spirit of the London "Universe"—a most thoroughly Catholic paper in England—winged its flight to God. Do you, dear readers, wish to know how a Catholic journalist can die? Harken to the words of his confessor and most close friend:—

"Called to him on Saturday night, July 11th, at about ten o'clock, I took him his Divine Master in Holy Viaticum. Denis Lane made his last confession with a perfectly clear mind and with hearty contrition. He received our Divine Lord, the Viaticum for the long journey he was soon to take. He was anointed with God's holy chrism, and received the last blessing. I saw him again on Sunday and Monday, and he knew me perfectly. Being suddenly called to him on Tuesday (St. Anthony's Day), I hastened to him at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and he died in my hands at half-past seven. During that time he repeated audibly the sweet name of Jesus. Fortified, therefore, with all the last rites of Holy Church, with the sweet name of Jesus on his lips, with God's priest holding him, and with his beloved relations gathered round him, the soul of Denis Lane left this world, to appear before the judgment seat of the good God he had served so faithfully. And I feel that this man of courage and of faith, this apostle for the truth of God's Church and the glorification of God, could say as he reached the eternal throne: 'I have glorified Thee on earth, I have finished the work Thou hast given me to do; I have fought the good fight, I have run my course, I have kept the faith.'"

Is this the death-bed of a saint that is thus described for us? It might be for aught we know; but we are only aware of the fact that it is the death of a Catholic journalist that has been pictured. Of the tributes paid to this man's memory there is an endless list; but for us the main point remains, that he was "the good and faithful servant." To no man, outside the priesthood of the Church can the words of Scripture be more fittingly applied than to the dead Catholic journalist: "He has run his course, he has fought the good fight." Yes, he has fought the great fight of Truth against Error, in many a struggle—some brief and decisive, some protracted and terrific—and he has always come out of the conflict with success, but generally without any earthly reward.

Of Mr. Lane's career we learn this much from his own organ:—"Here was an extension of the Apostolate (in that of the press); here the brave, courageous heart of the layman could claim a share in the Christlike work of spreading the truth. O, dear brethren in Christ, the awful power of the press, that power of leading men into truth or into error, of leading souls to God or to Satan, of dispelling ignorance, of dispersing misconception, of fighting the cause of God's Church, of saving souls, and thus increasing the glory of God. And amongst those who cheerfully undertook this burden of spreading the truth by means of the press was the one we are now mourning, the late Mr. Denis Lane. He felt the call; he cheerfully followed it. He gave his whole heart to it, and we find him the founder, the support, the mainstay of a paper, 'The Universe,' that has been an unflinching defender of our Holy Faith. Of this we are certain, that in the inception, the progress, the life of this paper, Mr. Denis Lane had but one idea, one desire, and that the dispelling of ignorance, the extension of the Church's truth, the clearing of misconception, the doctrine of truth, and thus the salvation of man. Am I wrong, then, in applying to him the words of the Divine Master that called him, 'I have glorified Thee on earth, I have

finished the work Thou hast given me to do? As an apostle he has glorified His Master, and as an apostle he will receive the reward of an apostle.

"You all know his history; the Catholic world knows it; his apostleship has declared it. The world first saw him in 1823, most troublous times, at Canterbury, the true seat of early Catholicity. At an early age he left for America, going to New York, California, as times over here were so bad, returning here in 1854, after six years abroad, years full of experience. In 1860 he brought forth the darling of his heart, his chosen child, the means of his apostolate, 'The Universe,' and from that day till a short time before his death was its leading guide and support. But the Catholic world knows all of this."

And God knows it, even better than does the world. The journalist is soon forgotten, we have examples of brilliant Catholic editors whose names are but a memory—the Sheas, the Wolfes, and scores of others—but the seeds that they sowed during their lives have been scattered far and wide, have taken root, have grown into immense crops, and the harvest is being daily gathered in by those who have come after them. Theirs is a glorious mission; their company forms one of the strongest detachments of the Church Militant, and of their number no truer, no braver officer than the late Denis Lane. May his great Catholic soul rest in peace.

THE LUMBERMAN'S THRILLING ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page Ten.)

"Well, the minute the strain was over and I saw that the beast was really dead I sort of went to pieces and had to sit down beside the Lady to collect myself. As for Hasbrook, he simply covered his face with his hands and rocked to and fro, fairly moaning aloud from the effects of his awful fright. It was a long time before he seemed to comprehend that the thing was dead, and still longer before he would look at it. Even then he shuddered as if the very sight of it caused him pain. Its tawny yellow body wasn't a pleasant thing to look at, even in death, as it lay with parted jaws and ugly white teeth exposed.

"My nerves were still rather shaky from the close call I had had, but I got out my knife and was preparing to skin the creature when the old fellow stopped me. 'For heaven's sake, Percy, come away and leave it,' he cried. 'I don't want the thing in the boat.' But I can get twenty-five dollars for the skin," said I. 'I'll give you fifty to let it be,' he answered, dragging the canoe toward the water. So to please him I had to leave it, though I would have given more than the fifty for it just to keep. For I have heard a good many stories of panthers' ferocity and cunning, but never of so persistent a man-hunter as this one, which followed us steadily for over a week, to lie in wait for us at last in the very tree to which he apparently knew we must return.

"I have been in the woods a long time since then, but I count that my closest call. And I mistrust old Hasbrook's nerves never quite got over the effects of that trip, for he let his option run out, and I was told, just logging pine for good. He certainly had a narrow escape from sharing his brother's fate, and if ever a man got a life-long scare it was that old chap when he faced the Cupasuptic panther."

Claire cast an uneasy glance over her shoulder, shivered, and drew nearer the fire. "To tell the truth," she said, "I think I feel a good deal as he did." Perhaps some of the rest of us had a similar sensation, but if so, with the usual deceptive-ness of mankind, we kept our peace.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
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Dame Josephine Leonard, wife common as to property of Damase Tardif, grocer, of St. Leonard de Port Maurice, District of Montreal, has instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband, this tenth day of July, 1903.

Montreal, July 10th, 1903.
LEONARD & LORANGER,
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ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in the hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

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NOTES

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL regret is expressed that the Government, so much to be desired, will not open its doors to the school.

Some of our people known for their support of all good associated with Irish causes do not hesitate to express their forcible language in to the fact.

The "True Witness" aware of the apathy lack of unity, and the sense of a sentimental pride broad take in other interests those which conceals has abstained from referring to the subject is humiliating to plate.

Times have sadly in Irish ranks, in when an institution the chiselled title in over the main "Catholic High School" must close its doors lack of support.

So far as our memory lack we cannot recall stance in this city Catholic Irish ins closed its doors.

LAND BILL NOW LAW has prorogued the most session of the British that has been held for a years. As far as Ireland is concerned it is the most important whole century. The Irish has not only passed the Commons, with all the desired to make, but has tioned by the Lords, and waited the Royal sanction was in every sense a mere form; a matter of form and mentary procedure, and a conclusion when we con King's sentiments, both and implied, in regard to and the Irish people.

A few extracts from the from the throne give due of the sentiments to which In dealing with his visit His Majesty said:—

"The warm expression will with which I was ever ceived, greatly touched me, enabled me to realize how being attempted to improve housing accommodation working population, stimulate commercial activity, advance the of agriculture, development education. Much remains to but it was with feelings of est gratification that I noted of increasing concord and classes in Ireland, presaging hope, a new era of united e the general welfare."

Referring to the Irish Land the speech says it offers indu to the land owners to contribute among their own and provides facilities for in the conditions of life in the districts of the west. It adds reform, by removing the causes of social dissension, hearty trust, conduce to the

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